

The TATLER

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London, October 21, 1931

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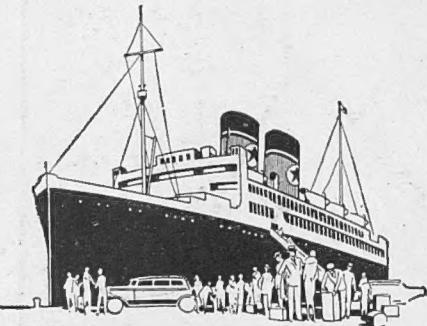
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The TATLER



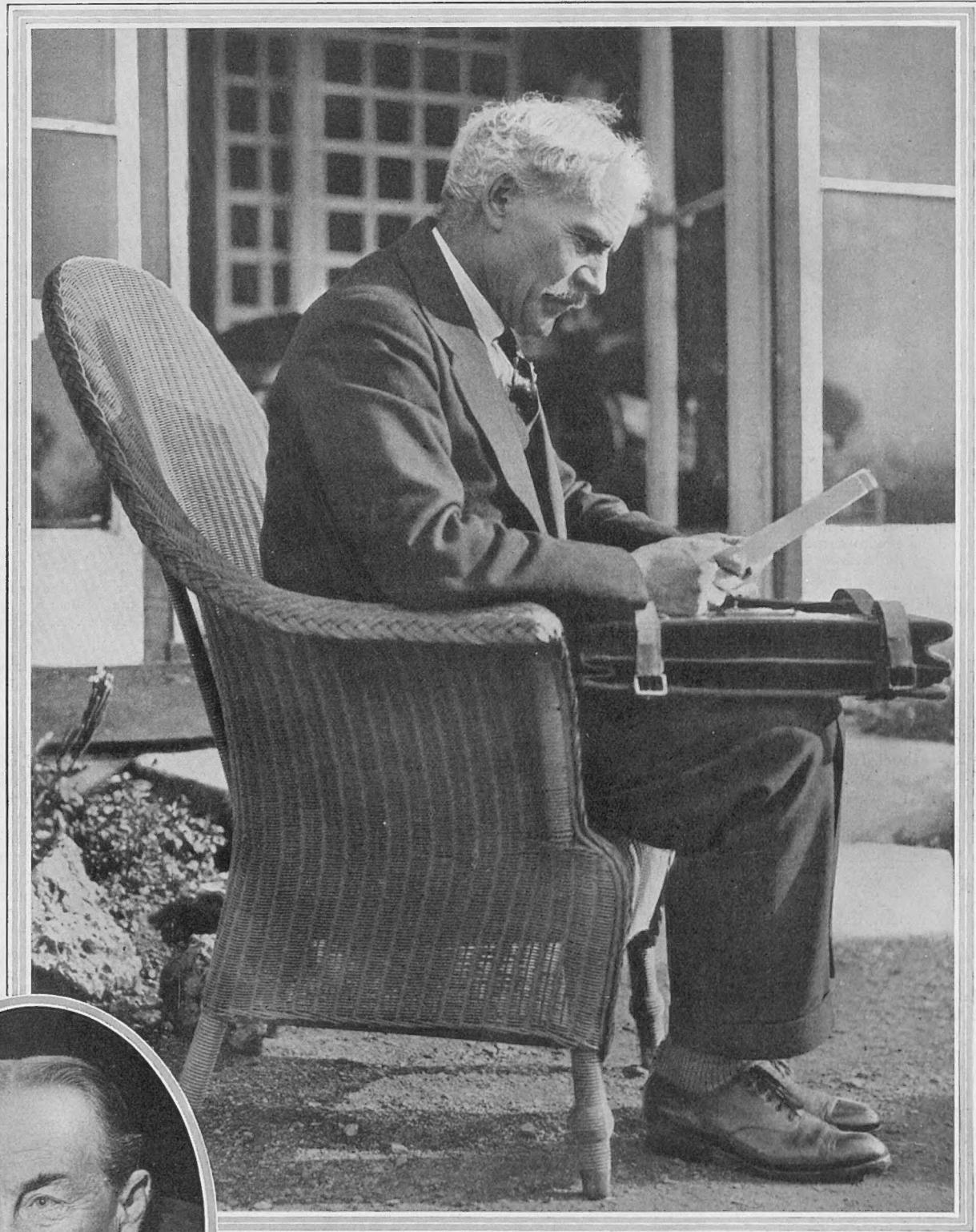
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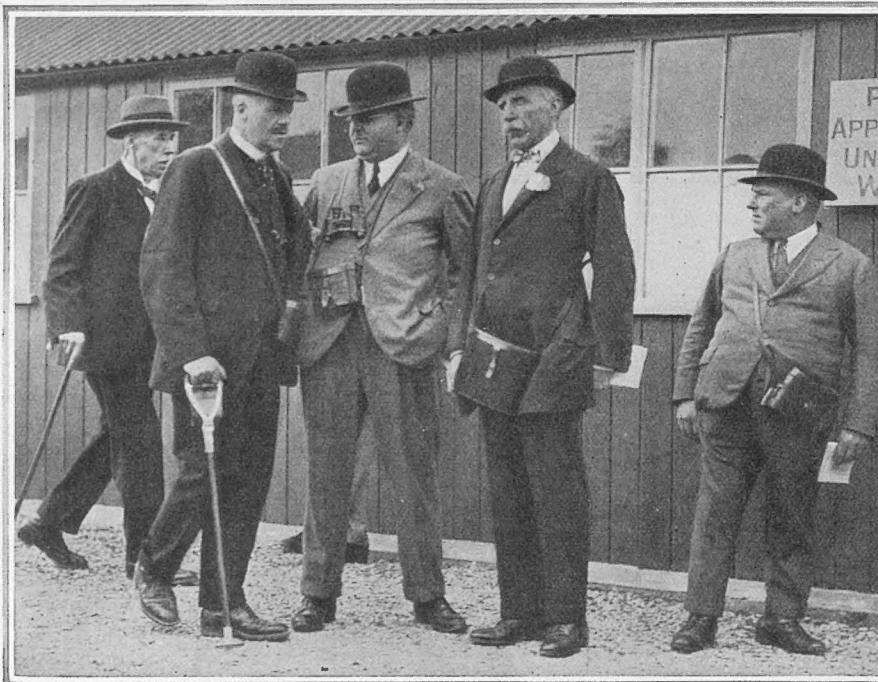
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**"SWING, SWING TOGETHER, STEADY FROM
STROKE TO BOW!"**

The two principal oars in a crew which has all the makings of a really good one, and is bound to beat the bad water through which the boat is travelling. The Right Hon. Ramsay MacDonald and the Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin (inset) have shown this nation and the world that they are both superior to anything like party feelings, and have set an example of patriotism, which it would do some other people, who shall be nameless, a bit of good to imitate

The Letters of Eve



PERSONALITIES AT THE UTOXETER 'CHASING MEETING

Mr. Burrow, Major Okeover, who is a brother of Lady Walker, the mother of Sir Ian Walker, who has his own private polo ground at Osmaston, Major Vere Foster, Sir William Feilden, who was one of the stewards and is a familiar figure with the Meynell Hounds, and Alf Newey, the pilot of Eremont, who won the National in 1907. He looks a bit different from the wiry, hard-bitten little man who came back to scale on that unpleasant day

TALK about the party spirit, my dear! Isn't this electioneering to-do just too exciting? Found myself properly embroiled in it, in spite of what I said last week. After all one must do something, beyond playing noughts and crosses in a polling booth, to justify having "a twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver," as Carlyle puts it.

Quite a lot of fun to be got out of it, and some good remarks too. To my great delight I overheard the following—Would-be candidate, anxious to impress: "I haven't decided yet which constituency to stand for." Brutal brother: "The question is which constituency will stand for you?"

* * *

Lady Patricia Moore is being fashionably political just now, canvassing vigorously for her friends. She was telling me about it when Lady Melchett's cocktail party was the cause of our meeting in Mulberry House.

The rich cars gathered in Smith Square were quite an encouraging sight; so was Lord Brentford's care-free expression. He appeared to be taking little or no interest in the serious parliamentary conversations which were going on all round him. Lord Erleigh was there too, and Susan Ertz, who writes such entrancing books. I'm just reading her new one, "Julian Probert."

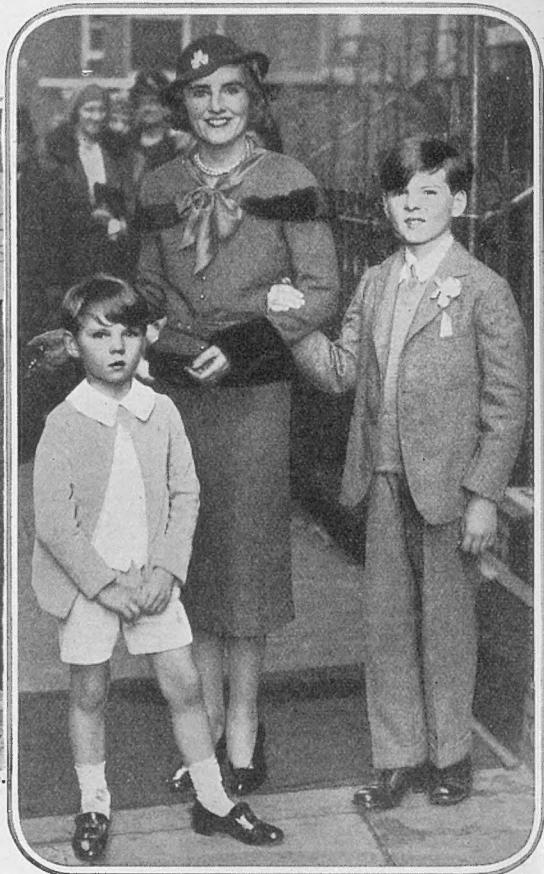
A battle royal of words between two feminine guests, who shall be nameless, provided an unusual diversion

for the few who were lucky enough to witness it. I'm not quite sure what it was all about, but the "code of friendship" came into it, and apparently one party to the row had called the other rude names which had (gleefully you may be sure, aren't we cats?) been repeated to her.

Mulberry House used to belong to Lady Grey of Fallodon, who had the kitchens shifted upstairs as she couldn't bear the rising smell of food. The decorations are a mixture of Syrian and ultra-modern styles and curiously successful.

* * * * *
Noel Coward's essay in synchronized patriotism attracted probably the most fashionable audience for years. It's the kind of night that I shall remember for ages and my children (if any) and my children's children (if any) will no doubt be inflicted with its details.

My first idea was to tell you who were absentees because so many of my slightly Cadogan friends failed to get seats and, like all women, I'm an absolutely champion gloater. But perhaps I'd better play fair. To start with, there were Lady Cambridge, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Furness, Lady Colefax, Lady Londonderry (in red), all competing



LADY PLUNKET AND THE HON. PAT AND THE HON. ROBERT PLUNKET

At last week's wedding of Lord Plunket's sister, the Hon. Eileen Plunket, to Mr. Rowland Barnard of Cairo, son of the late Colonel W. A. M. Barnard, Grenadier Guards. Lord Valentia was the best man at the wedding, and some of us no doubt know him better as Caryl Annesley



COUNT BERNHEIM ON "JURAT" AT UTOXETER 'CHASES

Count Bernheim, who rode his own horse in the Ashbourne Selling Hurdle Race at Uttoxeter and finished sixth, was formerly senior steward of the Belgian Jockey Club

for the lead in the fashion parade. (No decision as to the winner was made.)

Mrs. Richard Norton was with Mr. Michael Arlen, and Mrs. Evan Morgan, freed from the prospect of continuous canvassing, was also there. We wondered who was the "dizzy" blonde sitting with his literary lordship. At the other end of the same row of stalls, his wife was to be seen with Lord Ivor Churchill and Lady Dorothy Ashley-Cooper.

* * *

Sir William and Lady Jowitt were others in an audience so distinguished as almost to jam one's pen. Lady Jowitt keeps a diary of the most detailed nature which, if and when published, should cause no mean stir. Literary brows of every height were in force: G. B. Stern in bright red and the front row of the stalls; Somerset Maugham, leaving for the south of France in a minute or two in spite of everything, also A. P. Herbert and his handsome wife; they were an ornament to the dress circle, and he, for once, justified this position, for ordinarily he does not consider that the clothes make the man.

Quite right too when you've got a brain like that. Did you know that when it was a question of whether A. P. H. undressed (in the social sense) or Owen Nares in the glory of tails an' all, should speak on a

AT NEWMARKET: LORD MIDLETON AND LADY KATHARINE LAMBTON

On the day before the Cesarewitch when the light was none too good. Lord Midleton was formerly Mr. St. John Brodrick, and Lady Katharine Lambton is the wife of Major-General the Hon. Sir William Lambton, an uncle of the present Lord Durham

recent royal occasion, the former was selected? There's for you!

* * *

Theatrical celebrities flowed round the foyer at intervals. Marie Tempest in a flowered frock and striking bustle attitudes, Lily Elsie (and the "Merry Widow" featured a lot), Margaret Bannerman, Dorothy Dickson, and Ivy St. Helier (already much addicted to Cowardice) were just a few. Binnie Hale has gone platinum. Isn't it time that our Parliamentary pals were asked to suspend this standard too?

For me the outstanding drama of this wonderful show was the way in which, during one awful pause, Mr. Coward stayed in his box, sitting

Cutting the 156th annual pudding at the famous Fleet Street hostelry, where the steak and kidney pudding is treated with about the same homage as a Scotsman treats the haggis on St. Andrew's Night



CUBBING WITH THE QUORN: MAJOR "HOBY" ROBINSON AND MRS. R. B. J. CRAWFURD

A snapshot taken whilst the Quorn were drawing Prince of Wales' covert last week. Major J. B. W. Robinson is the famous secretary to the Quorn and gets his nickname from where he lives. Mrs. Crawfurd is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel Reginald Crawfurd of Burrough Manor, Melton

unconcerned, although he knew that something had gone wrong behind the scenes. The fortitude extolled in the play was never more worthily upheld in the face of a restive gallery and to the tune of his lovely waltz "Mirabel," which the orchestra kept playing faster and faster.

This gargantuan "boost" for England could not have been produced more opportunely, and the choice of the psychological moment only adds to the genius of the whole conception of *Cavalcade*.

* * *

Harking back to the Marshalls in Van Druten's play, *There's Always Juliet*, which appeared the previous night, Edna Best was quite delightful turning somersaults and eating dry biscuits. This formed a new variety of entertainment, though the play was really a sort of converse of *Private Lives*, very light and frothy at that.

The Aga Khan and his Begum liked it all immensely. The Ranee of Pudukota was there too, also Mrs. Claud Leigh in shining white.

I met that amusing Mr. Val St. Cyr, the famous stage designer, who is also responsible for my aunt's frocks. I was able to express my gratitude that he has dissuaded her from always wearing plush. Pamela Frankau, only a "near-beauty" according to the advertisements, was looking quite a credit to her special kind of soap. Sir Percy Simmons had his usual carnation and wife, and Sir Harold and Lady Zia Wernher were there with good reason, for he controls many London theatres, including the Apollo.

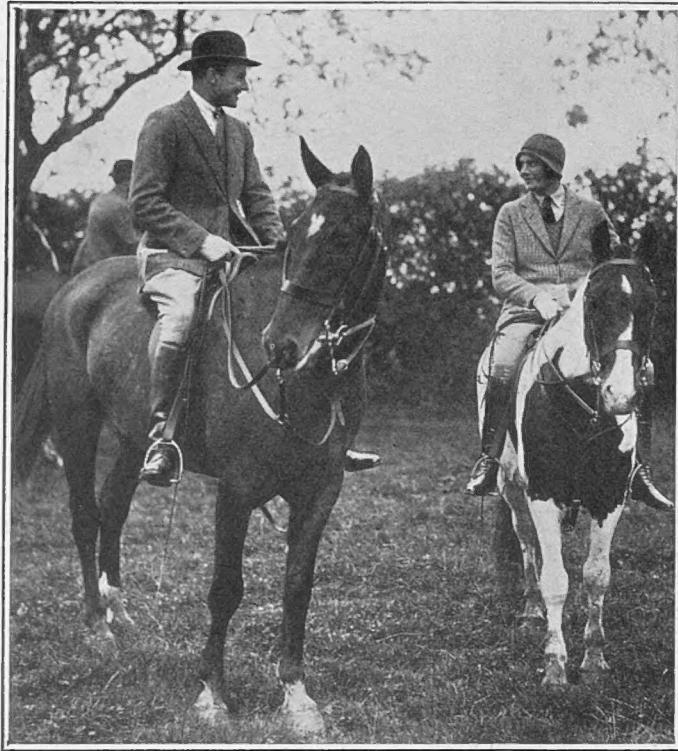
* * *



AT THE CHESHIRE CHEESE: LORD BRENTFORD AND LADY DIANA COOPER

Great fun galloping after the international golfers at Oxhey. And very good for the shape, I'm sure; it was red hot. One had to be pretty quick off the mark to get any

(Continued overleaf)



WITH THE QUORN AT BAGGRAVE: LORD SEFTON AND THE HON. MRS. GILBERT GREENALL

Baggrave, where the Quorn had one of their late cubbing meets last week, is the home of the senior Master, Major Algy Burnaby, and a house with a very charming garden which is Mrs. Burnaby's special care. Lord Sefton is going to act as field Master to the Cottesmore this season, Mr. Hilton Green, the new Master, hunting hounds himself. The Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall is the widow of Lord Daresbury's son, the Hon. Gilbert Greenall, who was killed in a motor accident in 1928

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

sort of a view, and many people's attitude was clearly "never mind about the slipper, let's get on with the game," for the competitors were frequently lost in the mêlée. On one of these occasions somebody's cry of "Hounds, please" was rather nice.

Lots of famous faces among the also rans. Mrs. R. O. Porter (good value in brown), Mrs. Walter Payne (very engaging), Miss Kathleen Garnham and her mother, Miss Dorothy Pearson, Mrs. Guedalla, and the Esmond sisters were the owners of a few of them.

One expected the French team to be *bien mise* and they certainly were, all in blues or greys. Little Madame Lacoste, admirable in grey flannel with a hat to match and a pale blue woolly, but I definitely don't care for the fashionable length in a golf skirt, do you? Of our lot, Miss Gourlay, in pale green with a jaunty little fawn cap, looked ripping. Mrs. Percy Garon very neat too in a black jumper and black and white check skirt; though I'm sick of berets they certainly suit her.

I can't imagine how Miss Wethered could ever lose a match unless a thunderbolt fell from heaven on to her head. She is glorious to watch. Mrs. Watson's Scottish voice is grand to listen to, and I thought Miss McCulloch looked a pet.

They say it is good thing to observe the experts at play. I am burning my clubs.

* * *

I went to one week-end prancing party which Lady Astor certainly ought to have attended, for lemonade flowed like water and, curiously enough, tasted like water too. As for the tinned salmon,



Hay Wrightson
MRS. GORDON CAMPBELL

The wife of Rear-Admiral Gordon Campbell, the "Q" ships' V.C. in the war, and therefore just the man not to be in any way appalled by having to fight Mr. Arthur Henderson in his own stronghold of Burnley. The "Q" ships did a lot of extraordinary things in the war, and the gallant admiral who commanded some of them is the kind of man we need in Parliament at the present moment

sandwiched none too carefully between unresponsive slices of bread, only politeness prevents me from describing its awful loneliness.

But there was one compensation. Do you know the venerable if ill-mannered game of seeing how often you can get introduced to your hosts without their noticing? It was not until we had played it successfully five times that "Haven't I met you before, some place?" suggested that the moment to leave had definitely arrived. What an evening!

* * *

Newmarket being trebly blessed by good weather and Their Majesties, the Cesarewitch couldn't help being a success, particularly for those whose eye did not deceive them over Noble Star. What a glorious little horse! Everyone seemed in excellent form—lots, of course, taking a day's holiday from canvassing. Lady Rosebery looked as nice as anyone, and Lady Buchanan-Jardine as elegant as might be. She and Lady Wodehouse evidently thought there was little risk of being hot and bothered, for they were most self-contained in sleek fur coats.

Princess Mary was most successful in red, and Lady Viola Dundas in green; ditto Lady Rachel Howard. Lady Ludlow wore brown, and the Duchess of Beaufort did this too. Quite a lot of Leicestershire lights had slipped away from home in spite of a good cubbing meet. These included Mrs. Gordon Colman and her sister, Lady Conyers, neither of whom is often seen on a racecourse.

* * *

Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies* at one of these uncensored theatres was very amusing, but quite unlike the book. Mr. Waugh pleased, I think, at its success, and hoping Lord Cromer might see fit to pass it for public presentation. He had a large night-haunt party afterwards, composed of all that's pretty and witty, of both sexes. Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton found plenty to say to Mr. Robert Byron, who writes so conversantly on Byzantine art. Lady Dufferin was looking thin but attractive, and it is difficult to believe that Lady Birkenhead is not as young as her daughter Pamela.

* * *

The Celtic tang of Sir John Lavery's voice was sounding in the French Gallery when I arrived to have a look at Michailow's portraits. Except where his wife and pretty little daughter, Olga, are concerned (they were both there looking very smart in black), Michailow is more at home in his manifestations of men than women. There's more "bite" in masculine faces, my dear, while we're all bark and lipstick I suppose.

Anyhow the eyes have it in all the portraits, for this artist gives a great intensity to the optics of his sitters and, as Sir John said, has evidently been influenced, consciously or otherwise, by Lembach. A great compliment.

I think I liked best the paintings of "Il Duce," very much the Dictator, and Douglas Fairbanks, looking awfully King Alfonso-ish even to a touch of the Bourbon lip.

The Bulgarian Minister opened the exhibition, and lots of other Embassy people were there. I wasn't surprised to see Lord and Lady D'Abernon, for Michailow has been living in Berlin for some time. Lady Latta, Lady Dunedin, and Lady Dallas were others registering interest.

* * *

I don't know whether Mrs. David Tennant is aspiring to membership of the new Crisis Club, which encourages the production of cheap lines in parties for those who are feeling the overdraft, but she certainly has unusual ideas on economical pursuits. One of them is to go down to Whipsnade in a gale in the hopes of securing a windfall of ostrich feathers.

It is depressing to learn that that more than charming flat in Adelphi Terrace, will soon be Tenantless.—Love, EVE.

P.S.—Just heard that a fair-haired, good-looking, very young peer is engaged to a really lovely Australian girl who came out this year. Got it?

SOME OF THE LONDON SHOWS



MISS EDNA BEST IN THE "MICHAEL AND MARY" FILM—ALSO IN "THERE'S ALWAYS JULIET"

Miss Edna Best and her husband, Mr. Herbert Marshall, who are playing the leads in the new Van Druten play, "There's Always Juliet," at the Apollo, did the same thing in the Gainsborough film version of "Michael and Mary." They were in the same parts in the stage version at the St. James'. The film is to have a pre-release run in London. Even if "For the Love of Mike" hadn't been as good entertainment as it is at the new Saville Theatre, everyone would have wanted it to be for the author's sake. There is no more personally popular playwright than Mr. H. F. Maltby. The Old Mose (the clever comedian, Mr. Billy Bennett) and the new Alexander (Mr. Albert Whelan) will be broad-casting their most amusing and always welcome back-chat very soon and also will be appearing on the variety stage. The old Alexander was Mr. James Carew



Stage Photo Co.
IN "FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE": MR. ALFRED DRAYTON AND
MISS PEGGY CART WRIGHT ("MIKE")



THE OLD MOSE (BILLY BENNETT) AND THE NEW ALEXANDER (ALBERT WHELAN)

Sasha

The Cinema

OME time ago and in one of those romantic taradiddles about the South Seas there was a Polynesian beauty called Nubi and an English trader who was no beauty at all. All that immaculacy conveyed by Eton, and all that "tranquil consciousness of an effortless superiority" which is instilled by Balliol, has been replaced by white ducks inordinately the worse for wear, and a corresponding consumption of whisky. But Nubi loved her white man, though the dirty grey fellow had still some remnants of the schoolboy Galahad about him. Or else he was heartily sick of her dimpled brown stupidity. In plain English he would have nothing more to do with her and in plain signs conveyed as much. But the maiden, or whatever it is that maids are called when they desist from virginity, still desired to have to do with him, which bias she imparted as follows: "Me Nubi. Nubi good girl. Nubi like Tom (or Bill, or Jack). Nubi no go." This play, being produced in America, Robert Benchley, the well-known dramatic critic, rose in his stall and said: "Me Bob. Bob bad boy. Bob no like Nubi. Bob go!" The heroine of *The White Man*, now running at the Empire, is a Red Indian maid played by Miss Lupe Velez, and I confess that when I saw this picture there were times when I could have risen from my seat and said: "Me Jim. Jim no like Lupe. Jim go!" But Jim stayed and, having seen the picture through, came to the conclusion that Lupe was not half as loopy as some of the screen's platinum blondes in whom no Red Indian blood could be possibly conceived as running. This is perhaps the place in which one might conveniently tell the story of what is doubtless an admirable precipitant of the innocent tear.

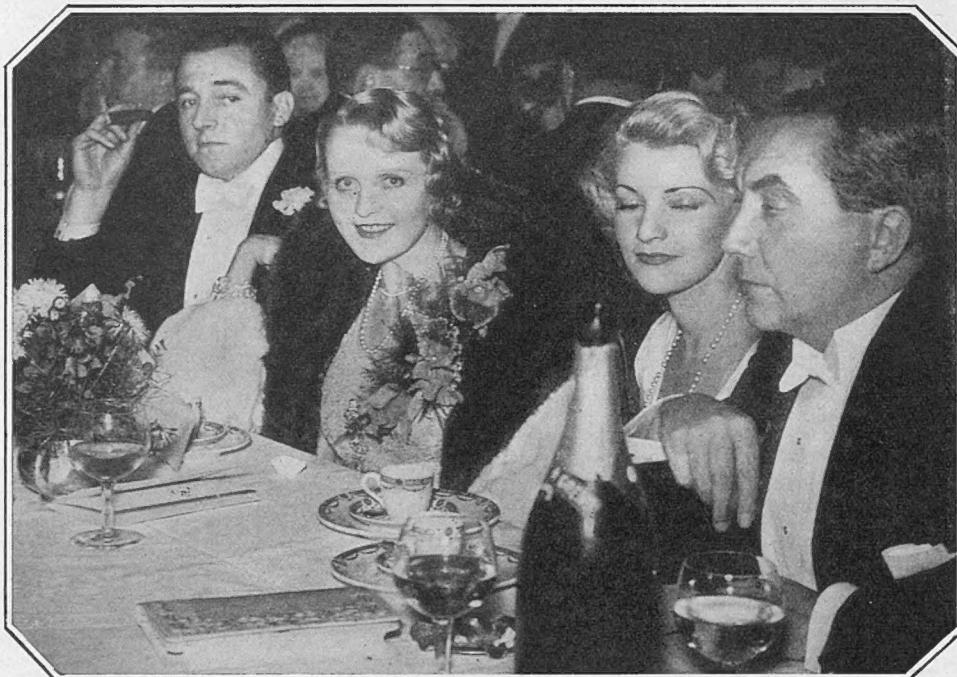
Lord Henry Kerhill, of Maudsley Towers, is co-trustee with his cousin, Jim Carston, of a fund for the orphans of crippled pew-openers or something of the sort. The fund amounts to £18,000, £10,000 of which have been profitlessly invested by Kerhill. In short, as Mr. Micawber would say, they have disappeared. A brigadier-general calling to collect the cash on the occasion of a regimental ball taking place at Maudsley Towers, Carston, who adores Lady Kerhill, will not hear of his co-trustee shooting himself or admitting to the theft. He, Carston, will shoulder the white man's burden and, acknowledging himself to be the thief, make for the Wide Open Spaces. Carston is obviously yet "another" example of the popular hero: "The man who 'has his faults,' but still—well, if he drinks he is 'nobody's enemy but his own,' and at those next-morning hours when a nature radically bad would be simply ringing for soda-water, he is delighted to be shot or guillotined for the advantage of comparative strangers; he may not keep appointments, or pay his tailor, or do his work, and, of course, he is not a 'plaster saint'; but then he cannot bear to see a woman cry, and at any hour of the day or night he is game to adopt a baby, or soothe death-beds, or renounce, for reasons wildly insubstantial, the satisfaction of the cravings of his honest heart." (Thus Montague.) So Carston, as precedently related, goes out in search of the Wide Open Spaces, and presently discovers them. Discovers, too, that they are not tenantless, and that the inhabitants of those parts are at least as prickly as the cacti in which they abound. The prickliest is Cash Hawkins, whom Carston foils

Those Wide Open Spaces By JAMES AGATE

in his effort to betray the Red Indian maid, our Lupe. A thousand feet or so of typical squabbling ensue, at the end of which Cash proposes to shoot Carston at point-blank range, but himself becomes shot by Lupe, who is dead-nuts at firing into the parlour from the coal-cellars. Cash's followers shoot Carston as, on a white horse which makes him an easy mark, he is fording a river at least six inches deep from whose face, since one could hardly call it bosom, Lupe retrieves him. Public-school chastity rising in Carston's breast, he sternly bids Lupe be gone. But Lupe has nursed him for weeks, and is of opinion that Lupe, liking Carston very much, will not go. She does ultimately go, but no farther than the end of the garden, where in that storm which is Hollywood's precursor of pneumonia Carston finds her. So Lupe has to be dried and, Eton or not, Carston discovers that a tender little Red Indian is a handy thing to have about the house. He does not tell us what his intentions are, but presently there bounces on to the screen Dickie Moore, a charming little screen-actor, who as the portrayer of lisping illegitimacy can have no rival. Quite seriously, this kid is a first-class film actor.

Six years or so pass and we return to the Shires where there is a meet of fox-hounds, dog-carts with tandems, and all that makes England what she is or used to be.

A hunt follows, in the course of which Lord Kerhill breaks his neck, which enables his wife to set out for the Wide Open Spaces that she may persuade her knight-errant to desist from errantry and be a knight who is of use to somebody. "My son!" says Carston, as two feet of tousled innocence rushes in to shake hands with the pretty lady almost before she has had time to remove her gloves. Lupe is then introduced and Lady Kerhill's reception of her hostess is cool. Now there is travelling with Diana; for such is Lady Kerhill's name, a pukka English sahib who informs Carston that he must now do the right thing by the boy, the right thing being Eton, Oxford,



AT THE FILM GOLF DINNER: MR. JAMES CAMPBELL, MISS BETTY BALFOUR, MISS KILPATRICK, AND MR. JACK RAYMOND

At the Kit-Cat on the night when the Film Golfing Society held its first "Mixed Foursomes" Dinner. Everyone was glad to see Miss Betty Balfour back, and back to health, after a very trying period of very much otherwise. Miss Balfour is here to make some English films

and Maudsley Towers. "What can he know of the British Empire who has only learned this?" asks the sahib, "this" being an Indian head-dress which the boy is now showing off. The father's mind is at once made up. Diana shall introduce his son to Eton, Oxford, and Maudsley Towers while he remains among the cacti with Lupe. But Lupe no like, for she has not read "East Lynne" and does not realize that when her boy gets the measles it is her duty to appear at his bedside in blue spectacles. At the same time the local sheriff has discovered that it was Lupe who killed Cash. This Carston no like, and they are about to perforate each other at point-blank range when a shot is heard in the interior of the bungalow. It is Lupe. Shall I confess that when this happened I laid my head on Mr. Littlewood's ample bosom and amply wept? I have only one fault to find with this film, which is that Lupe did not turn out to be the daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Willesden kidnapped from their Graces during an excursion to the Rockies. Whereby, of course, Master Carston would have become a pukka little English boy instead of a half-breed, and any attempts at scalping his fellow Etonians could be attributed to environment and not heredity. This adorable nonsense was admirably played, and by the end of it I had entirely altered my opinion about Miss Velez. Me like Lupe!

NOBLE STAR GAZING AT NEWMARKET



MR. WALTER BURRELL AND HIS
WIFE, THE HON. MRS. BURRELL



LADY WODEHOUSE, SIR DELVES BROUGHTON, AND (right) LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE



COLONEL THE HON. EDWARD
AND MRS. WYNDHAM



LADY ALWYNE COMPTON-VYNER
AND CAPTAIN STIRLING-STEWART



THE HON. MRS. HENRY COVENTRY
AND GRACE LADY NEWBOROUGH



LORD AND LADY DURHAM
INTENT ON THE RUNNERS

The unexpected presence of the King and Queen set the seal of success on Cesarewitch day, and in spite of the rival claims of electioneering activities the crowd was not perceptibly smaller than usual. The victory of Noble Star, carrying top weight, was a splendid performance, particularly as he had been coughing a few days before the race. What a wonderful investment Mr. Cundell made when he bought this fine stayer two years ago for £260! The lookers-on included a recent bride and bridegroom, Mr. Walter Burrell and his wife (formerly the Hon. Judith Denman), who were married in August at Balcombe Church, where the wedding of Lady May Cambridge and Captain Abel Smith takes place this week. Both Lady Buchanan-Jardine and her husband, had horses running at the meeting, and Lady Alwyne Compton-Vyner was taking her usual intense interest in the proceedings. Lady Durham was Miss Hermione Bullough before her marriage in March.

RACING RAGOUT "GUARD-RAIL"

THE Cesarewitch is over, and writing this the evening of the race my impressions may be a shade confused, for it is not often one tips the winner of a big race at 100 to 6 every week for five weeks, hear he has gone coughing, try in vain to hedge one's oversized bet, and then find oneself unexpectedly solvent. The field as usual was composed of a more than moderate lot of horses; most of whom had been winning £300 handicaps in their turn under about 7 st. The winner, though small, is the most beautifully made active horse, and whoever designed his heart should be working overtime. Blue Vision went down the best, and the rest were more or less nonentities with the exception of Six Wheeler. The race needs little description. Noble Star, beautifully ridden by Fred Fox, got into no tangles, and getting first run was holloaed home (a scandalous performance at headquarters) by a coterie of enthusiasts who were winning the price of a season's hunting aided by a strong bass (!) undertone from the bookmakers, who, having laid Mr. Clayton's horses in fantastic doubles, would sooner have seen anything win than Six Wheeler. What a wonder this latter horse is! A winner over 6 furlongs at Ascot, and with Noble Star out of the way an easy Cesarewitch winner, he is one of the gamest and most consistent horses in training over any distance. He must at one moment almost have given his owner heart failure at the thought of bringing off the first leg of a £100,000 double.

The winner has such speed combined with stamina, conformation, constitution, and activity that he should make a good stallion, but even if he doesn't I for one will always give him a home.

Concordia, a grand Son-in-Law filly, added to the Manton triumphs, and this though a failure first time out is probably the best filly of the year. In Link Boy we may have seen the Cambridgeshire winner, his performance being nothing more than a half speed and one dare not oppose Manton's fancied candidates. Links Tor I wrote to be the best handicapped animal in the race and her showing under 9 st. in the Duke of York's Stakes at Kempton rather bears this out, but she seemed to be stopping and this race is little criterion for Newmarket. The original race not filling, the distance was cut down to a mile, perhaps the worst mile in England, as the winner of the race is the one that doesn't get interfered with, in this case Pricket. Philae never took one full stride from end to end and with a clear run must have won by almost a distance. The Cambridgeshire is in most years a horrible race to sum up or bet on, but one can't get away from the Manton selected (?) and Lord Bill, with a sneaking feeling for Disarmament. Link Boy has made such marked improvement that he is my selection.

The Newmarket sales continued throughout the meeting, and, as before, prices did not rule very big; in fact, as one trainer remarked, the only things one can get given now are sale catalogues and yearlings. The last one he had given him he declares he is sending to Woolworths as a nucleus for the bloodstock sales they look like taking over.

This is supposed to be the season of the year when, with the advent of Nurseries and generally a change in the going, the book-maker either adds to the pile he has already made or gets

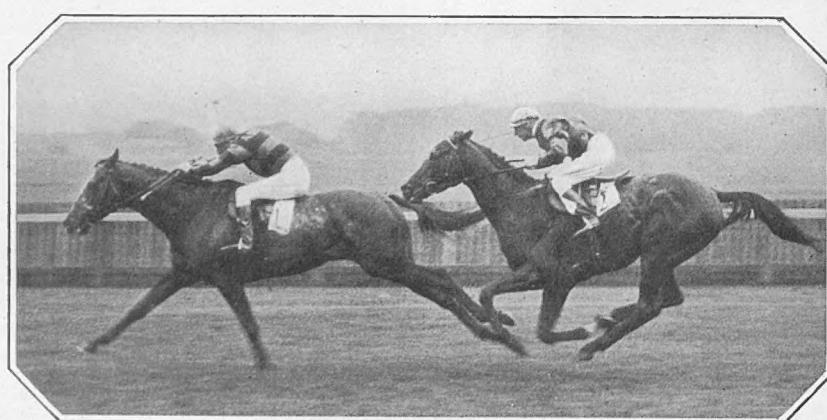
By
"GUARD-RAIL"

back what he has lost up to Goodwood. It is strange then to see the really generous ante-post odds laid by them about the Cesarewitch, for in these days of information there is little "dead meat," and 100 to 8 the field, with only about eight of the probable thirty starters holding any sort of a chance, goes on the side of benevolence. But those who get their ideas of the bookmaker of to-day from "Punch" or Tom Webster's pictures in the comic papers are badly at sea.

The gentlemen with puce faces, smoking huge Coronas with bands on and wearing grey bowlers, suits of the clan McFishery plaid, and patent boots with cloth uppers, don't exist. In their places are a row of kindly men, some no doubt with fresh complexions, who know little or nothing about odds (at least they generally offer you starting price) and turn up day, after day, Shontov and the Passover excepted, to lose and lend money. It is no longer the tooth and nail business that it was, and is indulged in more as a hobby *pour passer le temps* it would seem.

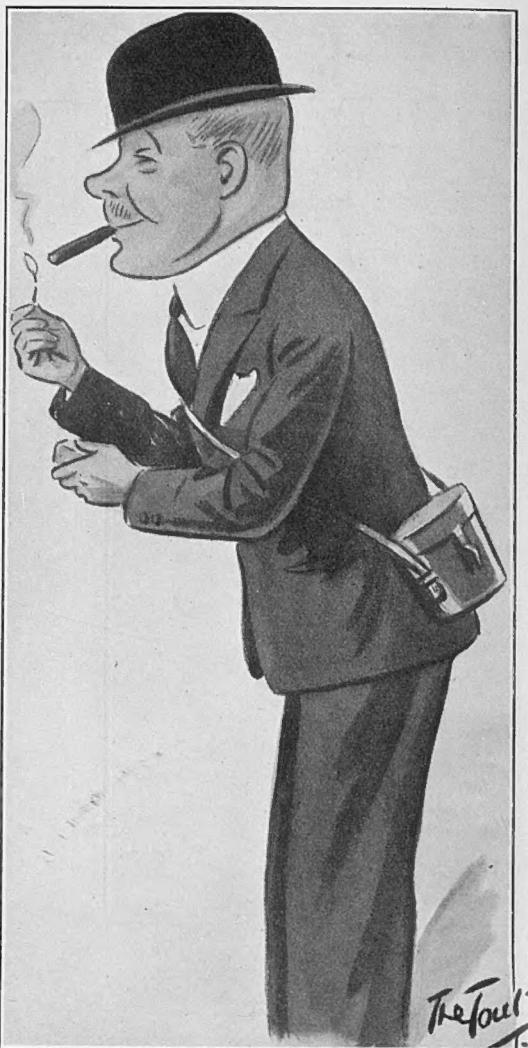
Messrs. Cooper and Rowson infinitely prefer a day's shooting to a winning Newmarket, Captain Tommy Graves is the manager of Nash's the most popular cocktail club in London, Dan Leahy would always sooner be hunting, and Jim Santry's form at golf is well known (perhaps too well), while Duggie's charitable hobbies amongst the mentally deficient in the West End are apparently the stock subject of conversation in bars.

These traits seem, however, to be wasted on many of the multitude whom one seldom sees on a race-course except at these big meetings, and the Tote reaps the benefit. After Link Boy's race there were fifty-yard queues of fashionably-dressed women and well-groomed men waiting to draw their pittance in "ready" at the windows—a better thing, perhaps, than getting 25 per cent. and a grovelling apology on Monday, as was the case with one beautiful woman who asked me for advice on the subject. I am afraid there is no remedy except to bet with someone else, and after a losing week to omit to send even 25 per cent. or an apology, thus leaving yourself one apology to the good. Punters can last much longer on these terms than book-makers. We shall be pleased to answer any further abstruse queries.



PORLAW WINS THE CHALLENGE STAKES AT NEWMARKET FROM DIOLITE

The Challenge Stakes, which is a 6-furlong sprint, degenerated into a match, and Portlaw won all out by three-quarters of a length from Sir Hugo Hirst's four-year-old. Portlaw is owned by Sir Abe Bailey and trained by Atty Persse



MAJOR F. B. SNEYD

Whose only representative in the Cesarewitch last week, after Mr. Murphy's Old Orkney was taken out, was his own Earn Hill. In addition to gallant Old Orkney, some of the principal trump cards in the string at Wantage are old Sir Joshua, Joyous Greeting, Posterity, Codicil, and Carola, the last two both in the Cambridgeshire sea.

The gentlemen with puce faces, smoking huge Coronas with bands on and wearing grey bowlers, suits of the clan McFishery plaid, and patent boots with cloth uppers, don't exist. In their places are a row of kindly men, some no doubt with fresh complexions, who know little or nothing about odds (at least they generally offer you starting price) and turn up day, after day, Shontov and the Passover excepted, to lose and lend money. It is no longer the tooth and nail business that it was, and is indulged in more as a hobby *pour passer le temps* it would seem.

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AT HOME AND ABROAD

AT NORTH BERWICK: LADY MULLENS
AND ADMIRAL DA COSTA

AND ALSO: PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO

AT RICCIONE: VITTORIO AND BRUNO MUSSOLINI, THE DUCE'S SONS

IN "THE FRIGHTENED LADY":
MISS CATHLEEN NESBITT

GEORGE ROBEY AND SON

AT RANELAGH: MRS. AUSTIN HUDSON
AND MR. WILLIAM WALKER

Most of the people who are in the North Berwick snapshots at the top of this page of pictures from places scattered over a wide area, are well known. Lady Mullens, for instance, is the wife of Sir John Mullens, and their younger daughter is Princess George Imeretinsky, whilst Princess Antoine Bibesco thinly disguises Lady Elizabeth Asquith. The Duce's two little sons look typical chips of the old block, and are as sturdy as their father. The charming actress, Miss Cathleen Nesbit, is in Mr. Edgar Wallace's current thriller, "The Case of the Frightened Lady," a play which frightens almost everyone who goes to see it. George Robey and son smile with equal geniality upon us, and there is a strong family imprint upon the latter. Mrs. Austin Hudson, formerly Miss Peggy Broadbent, whose name was a household one in the female golf world, is the wife of the present Member for Hackney, Captain Austin Hudson, and she and Mr. William Walker, a unit of the famous "Certain Trio," were watching the "Eve" Foursomes at Ranelagh, when the camera sniper got them.

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

Our Limited Vocabulary.

"I LOVE you!" Romeo cried to Juliet. "I love you," murmurs almost any mother to almost any son. "I love you!" whispers the wicked Duke of Maltravers as he is about to "ruin" the second under-housemaid. Really, considering that love in all its variety plays such an immense part in our lives, its verbal expression is extremely primitive! "Love"—we use the word either towards God or towards plum pudding. Not because, in the latter case, we mean to be sacrilegious, but simply because we know no other word to express our greed gracefully. We employ the verb "to love" in connection with almost any girl in a moonlit garden when we feel sentimental, just as we employ it to the one woman who, absenting herself, would take with her all that remained of happiness in our life. We love children; equally we love birds. We love our parents; we also love Cecily Courtneidge, Beatrice Lillie, and Gertrude Lawrence; to say nothing of Nellie Wallace. Love, indeed, should be an almost sacred word, but gaily we apply it to anything which happens to take our fancy. And simply because there isn't another word to use! In fact, there is surely no word in the whole dictionary which requires more immediate mental translation. Love has a hundred facets, but only one poor wretched syllable signifies the lot. Which would not matter so much if love played as small a part in our lives as cabbages. But, indeed, there is no other emotion which can be said to demand in life so big a part that it appears at times to be equal to life itself. Yet, always is it expressed so vaguely. So that whenever it is used one must immediately transcribe it into a whole new set of terms—which is often annoying and always confusing. Of course, I know there are certain words which seek to express love's nuances. But none of them are very satisfactory. "I adore you!" has an undignified toe-kissing attitude about it. "I feel very passionately inclined towards you!" is merely an invitation to any nice woman to get up, rise to her full height, and advance towards the bell! And so, "I love you" has to cover all these ulterior motives, and one has

to make do with an immediate translation of it into terms which fit the mood or occasion. Romeo and Juliet, mother and son, the Duke and the second under-housemaid, the policeman and the cook—all "love." Be it the most poignant tragedy or the silliest flirtation, it is still a love-affair. All explained by just one word—that poor little word having to include every kind of emotion which hasn't actively to do with dislike, whether it be towards the most sacred "treasure" of the heart or simply towards pigs-trotters.

* * *

A Book on Love.
When I read the sub-title of Mr. Claude Bragdon's book, "The Eternal Poles" (Rider. 4s. 6d.), "a book about love in all its forms," I truthfully expected the dullest. I am



MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM
Sasha

Who also attended the first night of Mr. John Van Druten's new comedy, "There's Always Juliet." Mr. Somerset Maugham has contributed well over twenty plays to the London stage. His latest success, "The Painted Veil," is a dramatized version of his novel, which was written in 1925



LITERARY LIGHTS AT A FIRST NIGHT

Miss G. B. Stern, the famous author and dramatist, with Miss Pamela Frankau, the twenty-three-year-old daughter of Captain Gilbert Frankau, and herself a novelist of no mean repute, at the première of "There's Always Juliet" at the Apollo last week

so tired of these books on love which say so much and mean so little—like those appalling drawing-room ballads of the 'nineties. I am tired of them, simply because I know from long experience almost exactly what they are going to tell me. There is, for example, the health book on love, which proves how the foundations of happy matrimony may be strengthened until such an age when neither party will care one way or the other, if only the gentleman keeps himself fit and guards his reserves, and the lady knows when to lock the door, and why. Then there is the book which takes us soaring on the wings of love into ethereal realms which never, however, include the difficulty of the 2,000th breakfast spent alone together. Contrawise, there is the tiny manual which seems to mix up love-life with the ability of both contracting parties to keep their temper. We will pass over the greatest love stories in the world, because, as a rule, one feels that a complete change of separating scene and a morning course of salts would have cured most of them. No love worthy of its name can be born except after much loneliness and infinite sorrow, and these tales of the tragic impasses of callow youth are, by comparison, merely any love-music by any French composer beside the third act of *Tristan*. Happily, Mr. Bragdon has an interesting theory about love in all its forms (initial, daemonic, celestial, personal, sexual) which, while keeping it among the clearest glimpses of the divine, proves that it is nevertheless part of that inevitable mathematics by which the Divine Scheme may be said to work. It is very interesting. And Mr. Bragdon can write well. His little book is, perhaps, too scientific in parts to appeal to the class of readers who enjoy books on love, but it is not sufficient to puzzle hopelessly the person possessing only an average acquaintance with scientific terms. Though, warning him, I give this sentence as an example: "The realization of the simultaneity of time and the multi-dimensionality of space—of the space-time continuum—is being brought about in another way and from a direction at right angles to all those previously noted; namely, through the subjective experiences induced by an augmentation of psychic sensitivity, a first-hand awareness of a higher dimensional world wherein 'there shall be time no longer.'" On the other hand, when he writes of simple matters in a simple way he writes very clearly. For example, his advice to Youth not to bow to the Moloch of success: "Earn an honest living somehow, fulfil your obligations and clean up your messes—render unto Cæsar—but everything beyond that which you are able to wrest from life is your own, to do what you please with, and do with it whatever pleases you. Devote yourself to *the thing that thrills you*, for that is the sure index of the direction in which your talents lie; never mind whether or not it is profitable so long as it is profitable to your happiness."

* * * * *

Thoughts from "The Eternal Poles."

"Truth is found only by living, not by thinking about life." "Love is a talent to be kept constantly in circulation for increment and enrichment, not of oneself, but of life itself."

(Continued on p. 100)

"THE LITTLE MORE AND HOW MUCH IT IS!"

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



George Belcher

"She never did 'ave port before and 'e only give 'er one glass, but she was two hours in the Inner Circle"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

"We wait for love to come to us when we should find it in ourselves by loving."

"For death; life is the antidote; and of life, love is the synonym."

"Every age has its particular idols not known as such to itself, but to succeeding ages, and each age abhors the idols of all ages other than its own."

"Man's only adversary is, and can only be, what he has been, just as his only 'comforter' is that which he must become."

* * * *

Nature can be very Cruel.

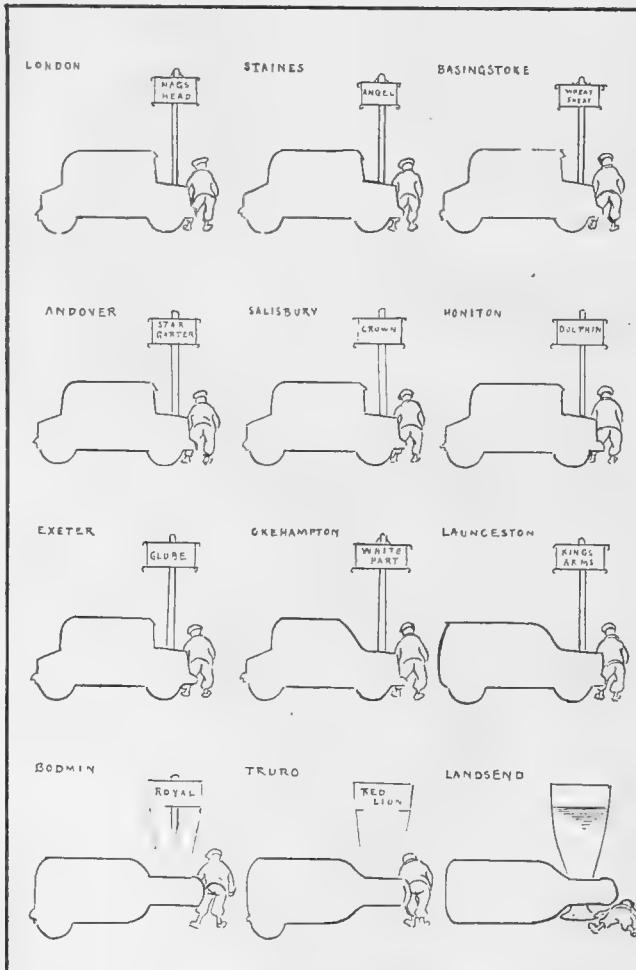
You must take Dame Nature at her face value. As an artist she is divine. As a private individual, so to speak, she is a dastardly old villain. Her cruelty at times unutterable; the bias of her smiles equally beyond words. It is Nature in one of her baser moods which forms the theme of Miss Margery Lawrence's new and very unusual novel, "The Madonna of Seven Moons" (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.). Miss Lawrence tells us in her fore-word that her plot has been founded on a definite fact. And there is no reason to doubt it. It is the story of dual personality possessed by one wretched woman, a dual personality so complete that neither state had any cognizance of the other, nor memory. Two absolutely separate lives lived out within one enveloping span of years. Which was the normal nature possessed by Rosanna? It would be difficult to say. Perhaps her better one? On the other hand, why not the worse? While she lived out that side of her personality, which was loving and loyal and intensely religious, she was at peace. Contrawise, when she became her "other self" she was sensual, immoral, a thief and a liar; yet she lived thus more vitally; it would also seem that she was also happier—more actively happy, that is. So which was her real self? Both, undoubtedly. That was her tragedy. Yet only at long last, when at length she realized that the beautiful, calm, refined woman who was the beloved wife of Giuseppe Lebardi and the woman who was the passionate, low-living mistress of Nino, the gigolo and thief, were one and the same person, did she finally decide that whatever happened she must go back to the slums and the vice of her life of degradation, if only as punishment. Happily—happily for herself and for all those who really loved her—poison was so placed in her way by the one medical friend she possessed and who for years had secretly loved her, that the deed amounted not only to a happy solution of the problem but also to murder. Well, many of us live under the curse of dual personalities; happily for us, less rather than more. It is our tragedy as well as our salvation, however, that we do realize it within ourselves, and so we may guard ourselves from the more tragic miseries of the calamity. With Rosanna, however, there was no such realization. She suddenly stepped from one personality into another, her memory being alternately a blank, the medical explanation of this phenomenon in Rosanna's case being that in her youth, when all her inclinations had been towards giving up her life to religion and entering a convent, she witnessed at youth's most impressionable age an act of physical degradation in which her own father was the actor-in-chief. The moral shock of this to her imagination was such that immediately afterwards she became two separate women enclosed in the physical aspect of one. Around this

tragic, pathological study Miss Lawrence has written an exceptionally interesting and dramatic story. Italy is its background, and very well has she painted it. But its chief merit is that it contains the study of a very curious case in medical history with all the drama and tragedy inseparable from such an unhappy human life.

* * * *

A Very Readable Novel.

Every novel written by Miss Susan Ertz contains interesting characters. There is nothing startling about them. They are not "freaks." On the contrary they are almost "everyday." But just because Miss Ertz sees them "in the round," so to speak, they stand out among most other characters in popular fiction as being well-nigh uniquely human. And this makes her latest story, "Julian Probert" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.), although not to be placed in the same high category as "The Galaxy," a novel which holds your interest from the very beginning to the very end. There is no main theme running through the book. It is rather a collection of themes altogether making a wonderfully vivid pattern of the more interesting side of every-day life. Some of the characters you prefer to others, naturally, but even those whom you dislike Miss Ertz makes you understand. You realize through her that they belong to certain mental types. They are not, consequently, to be condemned. Julian's mother, for example—one of those women who, because of some latent selfishness and vanity in their nature, can never find happiness nor give happiness, nor do ought else than quench what happiness may surround them. Women whose religion becomes a passion in which they seek an outlet for their own loneliness and, incidentally, for their own vanity. And Julian, her only son—and one of those miserable victims of an unhappy family life which those who believe in the "sin" of divorce seek so earnestly to preserve. And Pauline Trellet, the woman whom Julian's father loved. A successful writer who feels that she cannot give up her liberty even for love and in whose heart there is a greater compassion than kindness—two totally dissimilar emotions, in spite of the fact that most people regard them as one and the same. The less important characters, too, have a reality which makes you feel that, so long as you



LONDON TO LAND'S END (NOT RECOMMENDED BY
THE A.A.)

Drawn by Guido Gray

are reading the book, they actually surround you in the flesh. And so, as each life has its own secret problem, Miss Ertz deals with the hidden complexities of all these lives. This is the plot of her story—a plot which has no definite beginning, nor any very definite end, but is just a few chapters torn from the life story of a handful of interesting people during the years when fate brought them together. Incidentally, there are a number of amusing "asides." This description of Pauline and her new car, for example, put me on the friendly footing of understanding with her at once: "She took a dreadful joy in driving it, and drove it well, but without conviction and without confidence. . . . In imagination she pinned mothers of large families against walls and crushed them; she slew the only children of adoring parents at street crossings; she crashed fatally into the new cars of young couples about to start off happily on their honeymoon; and injured dogs with faintly wagging tails and trusting brown eyes who died almost daily in her arms. Either owing to these fears or in spite of them, she had never had an accident of any sort . . . but in imagination she had lived through them all, and a feeling of guilty remorse was her daily portion."

ROUND THE TOWN



AT THE APOLLO FIRST NIGHT: MR. AND MRS. PHILIP ASTLEY
(MISS MADELEINE CARROLL)



THE SCREEN GOLF DINNER: MR. EDMUND GWENN,
MISS BELLE CRYSTAL, AND MR. VICTOR SAVILLE



MR. VICTOR SAVILLE AND MISS JOAN BARRY
AT THE KIT CAT

Miss Auriol Lee produced Mr. John Van Druten's slight but quite charming little play, "There's Always Juliet," at the first night of which two of these flash-shots were taken. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Astley, who are in the picture at the top, are only just back from their honeymoon, and she, who is well known to us all as Madeleine Carroll, the charming young actress, is to make her re-appearance on the stage very shortly. The Aga Khan and his pretty wife are very constant patrons of the playhouse. All the other snapshots on this page were taken at the Screen Golfing Society's "Mixed Foursomes" dinner [which happened at the Kit Cat quite recently]. Miss Belle Chrystal leapt into fame when she played in the "Hindle Wakes" film in which Mr. Edmund Gwenn also had a big part. Mr. Victor Saville is the well-known film director. Little Miss Joan Barry made a good success in "The Outsider" film based on the well-known play all about a "quack" surgeon. Sir Ernest Gordon Craig, who was also at this dinner, is Chairman and Managing Director of New Era National Pictures and a power in the movie world of England in the same way that Sir Frank Newnes is a pillar of the journalistic world. Mrs. Comyns Carr is the wife of the well-known K.C.

Photographs by Sasha



ALSO: SIR ERNEST GORDON CRAIG, MRS. COMYNS CARR,
AND SIR FRANK NEWNES



AT THE APOLLO: MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH, H.H. THE BEGUM AGA KHAN,
AND H.H. THE AGA KHAN

A Rugby Letter : By "HARLEQUIN"



R. S. Crisp

THE CAMBRIDGE SENIORS' MATCH

The two teams, Whites v. Colours, in the recent Seniors' Rugger match at Cambridge. It was a pretty even and heavy scoring battle, the Colours beating the Whites by 23 points to 21.

The names in the group, left to right, are: Back—A. R. Snelus, T. G. Marton, P. D. Macdonald, P. M. Renison, C. E. Powell, R. B. Jones, G. W. G. Lee, R. V. Godfrey, F. H. Anderson, R. M. Marsh, I. Morgan, G. H. Bailey, D. H. Alexander; centre—J. E. Bowcott, A. Geddes, T. H. Rowney, R. H. Bull, N. T. Ringdahl, N. A. York, H. F. W. Holmes, J. P. Waller, G. V. M. Bainbridge, W. O. H. Collins, D. M. Parry, D. Barton, P. R. K. Whittaker, G. W. C. Meikle; front—H. B. L. Johnstone, A. C. Lusty, R. W. Owen, C. E. Malfray, J. G. Watherston, D. M. Marr, J. G. Askew, J. A. Tallent, E. B. Pope, W. H. Leather, F. D. G. O'Dwyer, C. S. Taylor, H. L. Smeddes

THE season is yet young, but already it is clear that the new rule regarding the putting of the ball into the scrummage is working well. Not nearly so much time is being wasted in futile attempts to get the ball in, and forwards are evidently making an honest effort to play the game fairly. It is up to the referees to support them and to see that unscrupulous players are not permitted to obtain an undue advantage.

It has always been my view that the slackness of referees was in the first instance largely responsible for the lamentable state of affairs which has prevailed for the last season or two. Too many of them strained at gnats and swallowed camels, with the worst possible results. They have been given a second chance, a fair start, and no favour and, if there is any more trouble the fault will be on their own heads.

In a very bright and lively club match the other day one of the most respected of our referees twice in quick succession allowed the outside near forward of the front row of one pack to secure the ball. Why, heaven alone knows; the people who watch these things gazed in astonishment. Carelessness of that kind does not make for good, since the average Rugby forward, being only human, is likely to imitate a bad but apparently profitable example.

The other great bogey which has done so much to spoil Rugby of late years is the fault of kicking too much. In their earliest matches the South Africans sinned greatly in this respect, and at Bristol the spectators were very disgruntled. Too much kicking is not encouraged in the west, and Bristol folk are accustomed to see their men go for the line. That was why more than one half-humorous suggestion was heard to the effect that they should demand their money back!

Generally speaking, however, teams seem to be trying to cut out superfluous kicking, and the game is much more attractive in consequence. One or two of the club matches seen on recent Saturdays have been far more lively than many international games. The men are beginning to realize that no one can score without the ball, a lesson which has been rubbed into us often enough by the All Blacks and others. One can always forgive a stand-off half for being tackled with the ball in an attempt to break through, for somebody must "make a man" somewhere if a try is to result, but it is difficult to forgive the kick into touch which may gain a few yards, but destroys the possibility of a score.

Two of England's stalwarts of a year or two ago have reappeared after absence, and both are heartily welcome. K. A. Sellar, our greatest full-back since the War, who last played for his country in 1928, has come back in great form, and seems to be kicking farther than ever. Indeed, against the Harlequins at Twickenham the other day he was constantly beating J. C. Hubbard by yards, and that isn't often done on the Harlequin's own ground. Sellar's physique is one of his chief assets, no one tries to run through him, as is often attempted with lighter players, and if any misguided person does so he usually retires a sadder and a wiser man. Sellar back in his best form and thoroughly fit will be first favourite for the England side.

Another famous player to return to the field is W. H. Sobey, the old Millhillian, who did such splendid work for England the season before last. He has always been unlucky as regards injuries, and probably holds the world's record for travel in connection with Rugby, since he went to New Zealand and back in order to play in half a match. In his case, too, a return to his best form means that no other need apply, but it remains to be seen whether he will lightly overcome the effects of a season's absence. Perhaps his reappearance may lead to more attention being paid to R. S. Spong, who was so strangely neglected last season.

The South Africans, though they won at Newport and Swansea, were not particularly impressive in their manner of doing so, and Welshmen will not hear of their beating Wales on December 5. They will be a better side by then, make no mistake about that, and if all their cracks escape injury Wales will have to go all out to win. At the same time it may be admitted that this will be in all probability their severest test, for Wales were easily the strongest national side last season, and may be so again. Both previous South African sides have beaten Wales, in 1906, and 1912, so the Welshman have something to wipe off the slate.

Billy Millar's team, over in 1912, established a record by winning all their five International games—Scotland, Ireland, and France meeting with heavy defeats, Wales losing by three points only, and England going down before two wonderful penalty goals kicked by Morkel. England equalled this performance a year or two ago, when the Waratahs were over, and if truth be told with quite a moderate side. Because of the exclusion of France the present tourists cannot win five tests, and personally I do not think they will defeat all the four home countries. But they will not go down easily.

FAME AND FAMILY

*Eva Barrett, Rome*

THE MARCHESE AND MARCHESA MARCONI AND THEIR DAUGHTER, ELLETRA

The little daughter of the world's greatest inventor and his second wife, who was the Contessa Maria Cristina Bezzi-Scali, is named after the Marchese's yacht, and the lady has spent most of her short life aboard of her. When Elletra's parents had to be away on a recent visit to England she was carried to the microphone every day and encouraged to do a bit in the way of broad-casting to her mother, who was then at the other end in London. The operation was said to have been in every way most successful. The baby was born at the Villa Odescalchi at Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of Rome. It is a beautiful place, right on the edge of the cliff, and has been much painted by industrious landscape artists.

THE PASSING SHOWS

"Elizabeth of England," at the Cambridge Theatre



TOM TITT



THE FAVOURITE KNEELS FOR FAVOURS

Essex (Mr. Leslie Perrins) at twenty-five wheedles Elizabeth (Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry) at fifty-five—no easy task



TOM TITT

RUTHLESS AMBITION

Bacon (Mr. Frank Vosper) at the Queen's ironic command prepares to arraign his best friend, Essex

HERR FERDINAND BRUCKNER, when he wrote *Elizabeth of England*, was no more hide-bound in the matter of dates than Mr. Gordon Harker's Cockney detective in *The Case of the Frightened Lady*, who blotted his examination copy-book by locating Queen Elizabeth's death as anywhere between 1066 and the Battle of Waterloo. Nevertheless, he seemed a pretty cute detective.

The intention is not to come the school-master over Herr Bruckner because his dates are mere pawns in the game of arranging an historical chessboard. His play is a Tudor tapestry on a lofty and imaginative scale, embroidered with a cunning hand for a contrast, a detached eye, and flashes of good theatre. Yet there are ponderous patches which are frankly dull. And this despite the good job which Mr. Ashley Dukes has made of his free adaptation from the German, the intelligent work of the German producer, Herr Heinz Hilpert of the Deutches Theater, Berlin, and the quite lovely scenery and dresses of the late Mr. Charles Ricketts. The designer has served Elizabeth even better than he served *Saint Joan*.

No Englishman could have written this play. Few Englishmen could have written any play about the Golden Age without suffering their vision to be coloured by the glow of the times. Herr Bruckner calls his play a "Legend," and thereby gives himself a complete "Doctor's Mandate" in the matter of choice, treatment and historical accuracy. If there was anything of what one critic calls "Gadzookery" in the original, Mr. Ashley Dukes can be trusted to have given it the cold shoulder. Mr. Agate rejoices to find no sign of "Tudor Twaddle," which he playfully interprets in terms of Drake on the bowling green keeping the Armada waiting while Shakespeare recites a sonnet.

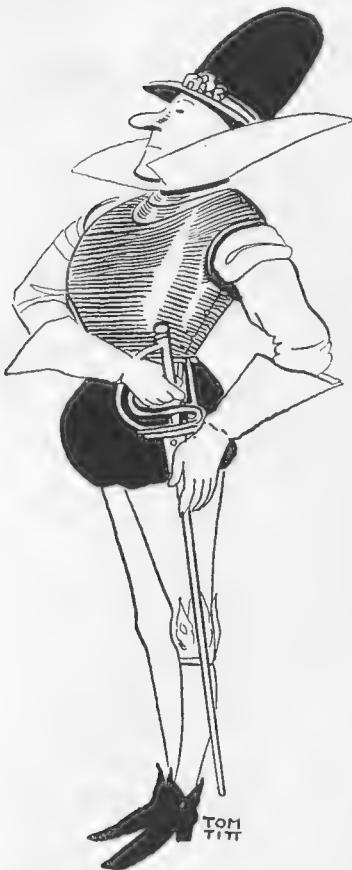
For that relief intelligence bids us say much thanks. And yet . . . well, there are the legends of Drake's drum and Essex's ring, and Raleigh's cloak, and there were Will Shakespeare, and Burghley, Frobisher and Leicester, and one or two more besides, none of whom find a place in the Bruckner scheme. The latter, indeed, appears curioser and curioser the more one dips into the history of Elizabeth's reign. Herr Bruckner, liberally dosed with Lytton Strachey and aware, doubtless, of the medical curiosity of Mr. Frederick Chamberlin, presents Elizabeth at the age of fifty-five as a sort of female Jekyll and Hyde. The rolling ungainly walk, the shrewish cruelty, the



TOM TITT

OPAQUE DISCRETION

Cecil (Mr. A. Bromley-Davenport) gives nothing away—neither himself nor the Queen's conscience



THE QUEEN'S RESCUER

Dramatic but not historical. Mr. Desmond Keith as a youthful officer of Gloriana's guard

Palace and, more movingly, in a death-scene fit for a king. History, which gives the date of the Essex rebellion, that brief

revolting hoydenishness—these belong to Jekyll. The *volte face* to Hyde—from screeching harridan to regal queen, heart poetically aflame for her "little England"—is at times bewilderingly precipitate, notably in the effective scene where Essex, with Gloriana clinging to his neck, sees that fickle and exacting lady in her mirror and stands aghast.

Herr Bruckner's forte is contrast. His play will be most remembered for the bi-focal method by which two scenes are played in one. The significance of showing Elizabeth and her council advancing and receding from war while Philip of Spain enforces it on his, is picturesque and dramatic. Even more so is the picture of the Queen and her stalwarts giving thanks in St. Paul's for the defeat of the Armada (left), while the King and his priests (right) pray before the high altar in the Escorial for its success. The points of view, divided by a giant Cross, could hardly be more efficaciously detached and observed.

Drama and history show their gains and losses. Drama scores quietly in the Escorial, and in Whitehall

fiasco in the City of London, as 1601, emerges the loser in the strange midnight masquerade in the gardens of Whitehall Palace. The Queen advances from her chamber in her night-shift, is chased about the grounds by the conspirators, escapes by throwing her dressing-gown over Essex's head, and finally bobs up like a jack-in-the-box from a trick door in the terrace stairway. For this unseemly attempt at abduction Essex is led away and executed (scene 10). One is puzzled by the need for this invention; drama and history are in the same boat.

The brunt of the acting battle is heroically borne by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, miraculously made-up, and sparing herself nothing in the execution of an ordeal before which the stoutest heart might well quail. This gifted actress has the courageous spirit for such a frontal attack, but is handicapped by the strain on her voice. The hoarse, harsh cackle and the angry screech demanded a strength, flexibility, and unfaltering pitch beyond the vocal endurance of one unaccustomed, no doubt, to such a severe test of audibility. Miss Haidee Wright's unforgettable Elizabeth in Miss Clemence Dane's *Will Shakespeare*

was tremendously taut and self-contained. Miss Terry's Queen sprawled, so to speak; it had to, for this was not a monotone, but a highly-coloured kaleidoscope. Miss Wright was tight-lipped and reserved; Miss Terry had to rant and sometimes rave, and both she did with tremendous spirit. In her royal and symbolic moments she was every inch the Great Queen, and more, for Elizabeth, we know, was short—five feet three or four inches—while her interpreter is tall beyond the average.

Mr. Matheson Lang, as the sick and sorry King, gives a wonderfully smooth, dignified, and moving performance. The spiritual agony of the bigoted invalid is superbly done, and the death scene is perfection. This is "great" acting in the most finished and intellectual sense. Mr. Leslie Perrins makes a live and likeable Essex, but he speaks occasionally a shade too fast. Mr. Frank Vosper's sly and effective Bacon is worth double marks for a 100 per cent. audibility. Miss Joan Carey (Lady Mary) and Miss Margareta Scott (the Infanta) distinguish themselves on rival sides of the Channel, and Mr. A. Bromley-Davenport's Cecil is solid caution itself. This eminently debatable play is not always easy to hear, but it is ever a joy to behold and a welcome stimulant to the critical faculties.

"TRINOCLO."



PORTRAIT OF A GRANDEE

Idiaquez (Mr. Robert Lang) waits on his bigoted king in the Escorial and receives without enthusiasm the royal decision to hurl the Armada at heretic England



ON THE LOSING SIDE OF THE CHANNEL

Mariana, the monk (Mr. George Howe), Philip of Spain (Mr. Matheson Lang), and Isabella, the Infanta (Miss Margareta Scott)

AT THE WELSH ST. LEGER



CAPTAIN R. MEYRICK AND LADY CURRE, M.F.H., AT CHEPSTOW



MR. DESMOND LYSAGHT, MISS JAGGER, AND LADY MARY LYGON FACE THE CAMERA



BRIG.-GENERAL ROTTON AND THE HON. MRS. BEVAN



LORD ESSEX, M.F.H., AND HIS WIFE



MRS. RIDDELL AND LADY HUGHES MORGAN



LADY DALRYMPLE AND MRS. PERCY HEDLEY

The Chepstow Autumn Meeting, which includes the Welsh St. Leger, provided some interesting racing, and on the second day winners were not difficult to find, the favourite being successful in five out of the six events. The result of the big race brought further fame to J. Lawson of Manton, who has since broken all records by training the winners of over £81,000 in stakes this season. Though the crowd of onlookers was not quite so large as usual, many noted local lights were present, including Lady Curre of Itton Court and the Hon. Mrs. Bevan of Hilston Park. Lady Curre is the widow of Sir Edward Curre, and carries on his famous pack of Welsh Hounds. Lord and Lady Essex are recent arrivals in Monmouthshire, Lord Essex having taken over the Mastership of the Llangibby. Lady Hughes Morgan lives in Pembrokeshire, and Lady Dalrymple is the wife of Lieut.-Commander Sir David Dalrymple. Brigadier-General Rotton is a very popular Salopian



THE FORTH BRIDGE

By Captain Alfred G. Buckham, late R.A.F.

A wonderful piece of photographic composition by this celebrated camera artist, for Captain Buckham is something more than a mere photographer who selects his "canvas" and then presses the bulb. Readers of this paper are familiar with his beautiful work, and this picture of the Forth Bridge, with the wardens of the air and the keepers of the seven seas as details in it, is one of the best he has achieved. Captain Buckham, when in the R.A.F. in the War, was severely wounded



MME. JANE MARNAC

Sobol, Paris

The most recent portrait of the famous French actress who in private life is Mrs. Keith Trevor. One of Jane Marnac's most notable triumphs was in the French version of Elinor Rice's play, "Street Scene," which when done into French was simply translated "Dans La Rue." This picture of Jane Marnac is of her as she appears in her first talking picture, "Paris-Béguin," a story of the theatrical and underworlds. The critics are quite unanimous in their praise.

TRÈS CHER,—the "trade show" of Paris-Béguin, the talkie in which Jane Marnac has made her screen début (story by Francis Carco) was given at the Moulin Rouge at 10 a.m. one fine sunny morning last week. Since Jane is one of our favourite musical -and- straight-comedy-actresses, as well as being a very charming woman and delightful pal, all the theatrical world turned out to view as well as "the trade." The former is not in the habit of rising early nor is it accustomed to early-morning make-up, add to this that the Moulin Rouge has a sliding roof that was open to allow the sun to blaze down on the stalls, and you can imagine the annoyance of many beautiful ladies who were rouged, rimmed, and ranged for rose-coloured shades and discreet half-lights. Never have I seen such a panic-stricken use of powder-puff and lip-stick nor heard such a collective sigh of relief when the lights were lowered and the roof closed—like the lid on a box of dominoes, for we all seem to be wearing black and white nowadays, plunging us into the familiar gloom of movie entertainments.

Carco's story stages, or rather "screens," the under- and the music-hall worlds of Paris, and thus provides plenty of scope for Jane Marnac's many gifts. Pretty legs, lovely voice, charm, and emotional acting. I am not setting them down in order of merit, but merely as they struck me.



MME. MARCELLE CHANTAL

Lorelli, Paris

Who has recently been playing the title rôle in the screen version of "La Vagabonde," Colette's much discussed work?

Priscilla in Paris

After all the first picture we were shown on the screen was that of Jane's very lovely limbs that have danced their way through so many revues and musical comedies. Next two slim jewelled hands, pulling long silk stockings into creaseless perfection, were revealed by the camera . . . after which skirts were lowered and we got on with the story.

Jane Diamant, a beautiful music-hall star, is rehearsing a dramatic sketch that is to be the *clou* of a forthcoming spectacular revue. In an *Arabian Nights* setting a handsome thief comes to steal the jewels of a beautiful Light o' Somebody's Harem; he is so entranced, however, by the vision of her loveliness as revealed by transparent draperies, rendered all the more transparent by the beams of an obliging moon, that he . . . well, well, you know the way of these things, m'dear, and half-a-ton of oyster excrescences and other glittering baubles lie neglected on the stage while the divan cushions register emotion.

Unfortunately, when the rightful Lord and master of the damsel returns from the desert with the camel's milk he objects to the robber . . . not so much because he took the jewels as because he didn't take them. A Jim Crow scimitar-manipulator dispatches the thief in most blood-thirsty style . . . which is a pity because, being Pierre Meyer, he was a very personable young man. However, 'tis but right that the man should pay sometimes—if only on the music-hall stage. Jane Marnac, in the rôle of the music-hall star, acts this scene in the true music-hall manner, with a priceless wooden face and stilted utterance and, having done so, waxes temperamental and says the whole thing is punk . . . which, of course, it was, because it has to be, if you know what I mean. Same evening she, Diamant, goes out to supper all gorgeous and be-jewelled and chinchilla-coated. Gets home late and summat blotto. A young apache—the true Carco hero enters here—is hidden in her boudoir and, truth being stranger than fiction, the lace-trimmed pillow-slips get an even bigger thrill than the stage cushions! (Oo-er, Maudie!) At dawn the Carco lad hops it, without having taken the jewels, of course, but, also, without having met the lady's bill-footer.

Nemesis, nevertheless, waits for him round the corner. He is arrested and accused of having bumped off a certain night-watchman, a crime of which needless to say he is perfectly innocent, since he was very much elsewhere at the time. Being a perfect little gentleman at heart he refuses to use his alibi and does not give the lady away, but the lady being equally perfect comes to his rescue and swears that he spent the night in her house—in the maid's room. This with the devoted maid's permission. The registry office that supplied the young woman ought to do good business to the end of its days.

But, alas, the big boy of the gang to which the youth belongs is a mercenary brute who prefers diamonds to silken dalliance any day, and he puts his erring buddy very neatly on the spot with a bludgy little puncture under the umph' rib just as he is making his way into the theatre to see Jane in her dressing-room on the first night of the show. She dashes down to the back-yard-and-garbage-tin setting that one usually finds around stage doors, and he dies in her arms. Henceforth, having learned to suffer, Jane Diamond becomes as great an actress as Jane Marnac is herself. The curtain rings up on her fixed smile and tragic eyes, and she goes through her part in such a manner as to cause the very Caryatides of the boxes to weep salt tears from their gilt and plaster eyes.

Je blague, my dear, but of its kind this is quite the best film I have struck for a long time, and Marnac is really quite wonderful in it. The photography is good, the music supplies several obsessing tunes, and the whole cast is excellent.—PRISCILLA.

THE SECCOTINE TOUCH IN LOVE-MAKING



GRETA GARBO AND CLARK GABLE IN "SUSAN LENNOX, HER RISE AND FALL"



AT THE TIVOLI: JANET GAYNOR AND CHARLES FARRELL IN "MERELY MARY ANN"



ERIC LINDEN AND ROCHELLE HUDSON IN "ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN?"

In every one of these pictures is provided some excellent instruction in how to acquire the real seccotine touch in love-making. In real life it may not be absolutely essential to get that cloying sweetness into the business, but lacking it on the film is the best recipe for finishing right down the course. It is not at all easy to perfect so it is said. Of those in this page Janet Gaynor, who is only twenty-three, is at present delighting London audiences at the Tivoli, playing lead opposite Charles Farrell, who is twenty-six, in the film version of "Merely Mary Ann." Greta Garbo, who was a success contrary to the critics' predictions in "Romance," has another winner in her latest, "Susan Lennox, Her Rise and Fall." "Are These Our Children?" in which Eric Linden and Rochelle Hudson play the leads, is ticketed "a powerful drama of modern youth," which may mean anything.



FRANK ALBERTSON AND BETTY DAVIS IN "OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS"

THE SPORT OF THINGS



RACING: MR. AND MRS. EDGAR WALLACE



SIR WALTER GILBEY AND MRS. BROADHEAD



LADY FINGALL AND MAJOR McNEE

The Kempton Park Meeting provided the camera with plenty of noted targets. Mrs. Edgar Wallace does not think much of this reflected glory business, preferring to make a name for herself. She may not write plays but she produces them, and she is also concerned with "The Calendar," having several good horses in training. Her Maugre ran in the Duke of York Handicap



MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, R.A., WITH MR. DEREK JACKSON AT WINCANTON STEEPLECHASES

Truman Howell
CAPTAIN R. BARBER-STARKEY
AND LORD POWIS AT CHIRBURY

The above snapshot and the one on the right were taken at the Cheshire, Shropshire, and North Wales Retriever Trials. Captain Barber-Starkey, one of the judges, is a pillar of the Shropshire Gentlemen Cricket XI, and Lord Powis is Lord-Lieutenant of the county. Mr. John, the famous artist, whose son, Teddy John, is bent on making boxing history, evidently takes racing seriously

Truman Howell
REAR.-ADMIRAL ROWLEY-CONWY AND MAJOR
R. HOUSTON JUDGING RETRIEVER TRIALS

Athletic lines...gleaming 'fitness' the beautiful 'one-piece' car



There is swift supple grace in a P.S.C. 'one-piece' body, because the pressed steel that builds it shapes eagerly to the thought of the designer. The loveliness of its lines is made keener by the bright hard finish—nothing but a pressed steel plate can take it so well or keep it so immaculate.

A P.S.C. built body consists of four main units of pressed steel welded into one . . . light but very strong. This body is fixed direct to the chassis so that body and chassis are unified. In this P.S.C. 'one-piece' body, chassis and body-frame and body itself are all one and all-steel. Without costing any more a P.S.C. Pressed Steel body adds a great deal to the comfort, appearance and safety of your car. Ask about P.S.C. when you buy your new car. Ask if the body is of P.S.C. Pressed Steel—made on the P.S.C. 'one-piece' principle. MORRIS, AUSTIN, WOLSELEY, HILLMAN, ROVER, M.G., are using P.S.C. Pressed Steel.



PRESSED STEEL COMPANY
OXFORD



THE W

From the picture by Keith H



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E WORD

by Keith Henderson, A.R.W.S.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

ABDULLA BALLADS



LYDIA'S TRIUMPH

Oh, vainly the plaint of her Harp had expressed
 The anguish that ravaged an innocent breast!
 E'en the warbled "Lament of a Warrior's Bride"
 Could not capture the handsome Hussar at her side.

But the Box of Abdullas she pressed in his hand,
 To lighten his lot on a perilous strand,
 So emboldened the gallant young Hero to speak
 That a kiss of Betrothal imprinted her cheek.

F. R. HOLMES.

VIRGINIA

TURKISH

EGYPTIAN



MR. MITCHELL; THE MAYOR OF SOUTHAMPTON; AND MRS. MITCHELL

THE MASTER OF SEMPILL AND THE MAYORESS OF SOUTHAMPTON LISTENING TO SPEECHES

A SCHNEIDER CUP DINNER

Southampton does Honour to Mr. R. J. Mitchell



TOASTING MR. MITCHELL: MRS. N. J. GILL, FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT BOOTHMAN, A.F.C., AND MRS. BUCHANAN

MAJOR BUCHANAN, SQ.-LDR. ORLEBAR, AND SQ.-LDR. N.J. GILL

Mr. R. J. Mitchell, the designer of the Schneider planes, was the guest of honour at a dinner given recently at Southampton by His Worship the Mayor, Councillor Cross. Most of the notabilities connected with Great Britain's magnificent flying triumph were present, including Squadron Leader Orlebar, the captain of the Schneider Trophy team; Flt.-Lieut. Boothman, the hero of the fly-over; and Flt.-Lieut. Stainforth, who achieved such a spectacular air speed world's record. Sir Robert McLean is chairman of Vickers Aviation, who built the super machines, and Major Buchanan is one of the greatest experts on seaplane design.



SIR ROBERT MCLEAN, SQUADRON-LEADER SLATTER, AND FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT STAINFORTH, A.F.C.

DOG DAYS

Coursing in the Cotswolds and
the Gun-Dog Way in Wiltshire



Dennis Moss
MRS. KEITH MENZIES (left)
AND MRS. EDGAR BRASSEY



Dennis Moss
WATCHING LONG DOGS: CAPTAIN
AND MRS. P. M. FORSYTH-FORREST



Dennis Moss
MRS. ROBERTS AND MAJOR-GENERAL
A. B. CATOR IN THE COTSWOLDS



MAJOR DESPENCER-ROBERTSON AND BRIG.-GENERAL AND MRS. R. J. COLLINS



LORNA LADY HOWE (right) WITH MRS. W. M.
CHARLESWORTH AND TWO OF HER GUN-DOGS

The Southern Counties' Gun-dog League Trials were held at Wilbury Park, and attracted many entries. Lorna Countess Howe is a leading figure in the gun-dog world, and very well known in the show-ring. Mrs. Charlesworth is another expert. General Collins, one of the guns, has a house near Netheravon. He was appointed Commandant of the Small Arms School, Hythe, in 1929. Major Despencer-Robertson was Conservative Member for Salisbury in the last Parliament, and is standing again at the General Election.



MISS GLADYS COOPER

IN "THE PAINTED VEIL" AT THE PLAYHOUSE

Miss Gladys Cooper's Kitty Fane in this strong play, which is really Somerset Maugham's, is one of the best individual performances in all London at the moment, and it may not be too much to claim for it that it is the best acted rôle the actress has ever given us. Love, revenge, and the cholera germ supply the ingredients for this grim story, but no one but an actress of very high talent could have kept us interested in a quite worthless woman. It is a play which has set London talking, and this is hardly to be wondered at considering how vividly the story is presented

Photographs by Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street

BUBBLE & SQUEAK



ALL AT CIRO'S: MR. JACK BUCHANAN AND MISS HELEN GILLILAND

At that comfortable club, Ciro's. On the night this and the other pictures were taken, Idare's had a novel contest to amuse people. It was a dress and fashion parade, and the persons who guessed nearest to the numbers of votes recorded for any creation got it as a present

A COUNTRY vicar had a crusty parishioner who delighted to oppose him in every way. The vicar, having been offered another living, accepted it and, when taking his leave of the parish, called upon the parishioner.

He was touched by the man's evident regret.

"Why, I thought you would be glad to get rid of me!" he exclaimed.

The man shook his head solemnly.

"Well," he said, "you see, sir, I've lived here for nigh forty years, and I generally find when a parson leaves that there's never a bad 'un goes but a wuss 'un comes!"

* * *

The long-handicap golfer had entered for the mixed foursomes, but at the last moment his partner sent a message to say she could not play.

The man, anxious for a game, went to the secretary and blurted, "I say, can you introduce me to a woman—preferably a bad one?"

* * *

A man rushed excitedly into the office of the managing director of the huge motor works.

"Look here, sir," he exclaimed, "is it true that your firm has built a car in 7 minutes 35 seconds?"

The manager drew himself up to his full height.

"It is true, young man," he said pompously, "and let me tell you we're very proud of it."

"Oh, are you!" retorted the young man, bitterly. "Well, I'm not! I've got that car!"



MISS ISABEL JEANS AND MRS. WAKEFIELD

As one of London's most soignée Miss Isabel Jeans was a valuable member of the jury on the Idare creations at Ciro's. Mrs. Wakefield is her sister-in-law



MRS. ARCHIE CAMPBELL AND MRS. NICK PRINSEP
(MISS ANITA ELSON)

Obviously in a highly technical discussion at the novel and entertaining dress parade at Ciro's last week. It is a good thing that we do not all think alike



THERE is no secret about it, the truth itself is so impressive. THE VIENNA YOUTH MASK STIMULATES THE CIRCULATION, producing health as Nature herself does, through a constantly renewed blood supply. The amazing value of this treatment lies in the depth to which it penetrates, causing the blood to flow in a rich purifying stream to underlying tissues and muscles... charging them with new youth and vigour. Concentrated on the face and neck, it is as though electric energy were poured into your very veins. Fresh blood flushes the surfaces, carrying away impurities. The skin is cleared and brightened. Best of all, there comes an exuberant, glad-to-be-alive feeling, a freedom from fatigue that is the true measure of health. In its new "differential" form the Vienna Mask has a flexibility which makes it possible to focus treatment on one's weakest spots... the lines at the side of the mouth, puckery places under the eyes, sagging contours. It is as though the finger of youth touched, and revived, every spot threatened by age. But you must see for yourself. Visit Miss Arden's Salons and talk to the trained Diathermic Nurse whose whole time is devoted to work with the Mask. She will tell you in detail exactly what it has done for others... and what it can do for you.

Elizabeth Arden's new "Instruction Book" will tell you how to follow her scientific method in the care of your skin at home. Miss Arden will gladly send you a copy, on request.

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The Flying Squad.

MISS CROSSLEY'S election "Flying Squad," which has its headquarters at Heston Aerodrome and includes at the time I am writing some fifteen owner-pilots, is an indication not only of the progress that private flying has made, but also of the progress in intelligence that has been made by candidates for Parliament. For there was a time not long ago when neither the aircraft nor the volunteer pilots for practical everyday transport work were available, and when, had they been available, no potential Member of Parliament would have used them.

For the change that has taken place in the attitude of Members of Parliament towards flying, people like Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Philip Sassoon, Captain H. Balfour, Mr. Lindsay Everard, and above all, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald must be thanked.



SNAPPED AT HESTON

Mr. John Rogers, who looks after the Klemm interests in this country, and who has recently been visiting the aerodromes in the London area with a most attractive Hirth-engined machine. Mr. Rogers is as widely known for his capable piloting as for the curious line in hats which he sometimes adopts.

that the use of a flood-light accentuates any mist there may be, and that the use of flares alone or in conjunction with some form of search-light on the machine itself is the better system. It may be true that a flood-light reduces visibility if the air is humid, but in fine weather it provides the perfect landing arrangement, and many pilots say that when the air is dry and the landing surface is floodlit it is easier to land than by day-light. The same cannot be said when the landing is being made by flares alone.

The flood-light at Heston was the venetian blind type,

By example they have shown that the aircraft is trustworthy and that it has a sufficiently high degree of safety. Whether the "Flying Squad" will be much used depends upon the weather, which is apt to be bad for flying at this time of year. Mists and fogs abound, as Keats has remarked though with different implications, and bad visibility is a thing that neither ships nor aircraft can yet pierce successfully. Even Captain C. D. Barnard's air pageant at Hanworth was delayed some two hours by the mist, which prevented him from getting through to the aerodrome. In these circumstances a pilot *can* go on, and if he is skilful and lucky he will reach his destination. But it is a haphazard method of cross-country flying and it is to be deprecated. It is better to drop down into the nearest field and to wait for the mist to clear. And this, in fact, is what Captain Barnard and his circus did.

* * *

Night Flying.

Mist not only hampered Captain Barnard's pageant but it also interfered with the night flying at Heston, though it did not prevent it altogether. It was suggested

and it seemed to work well. Some instructional flights were made by Captain Baker with different pupils in spite of the mist, and the landings were mostly accurately judged. It is rarely necessary to make any adverse criticism of Heston aerodrome. Indeed, it has shown itself time after time to be the most progressive civil aerodrome in England. But there is one thing I noticed during the night flying there which calls for comment: the "Zeppelin" wind indicator. Whether this was there during my previous visits I am uncertain. I had not noticed it before, and it seems to me to be unnecessary and inefficient.

Wind Indicators.

The perfect wind indicator should do three things; it should tell the pilot in the air the direction of the wind, the strength of the wind, and the steadiness of the wind. It is desirable that he should know all these three things before landing. Only one type of wind indicator will show all these things, and that is the simple fabric wind sleeve. Correctly shaped—that is, rather cylindrical than conical—a wind sleeve will show wind direction by its bearing, strength by its angle with the horizontal, and wind steadiness by its own steadiness. If it flaps up and down (provided always that it is properly designed) then the pilot knows that he will have severe bumps to contend with as he approaches the ground.

I have tried the elaborate T indicators at Croydon and elsewhere, the smoke indicator at Hanworth and "Zeppelin" indicators at a number of places, but they none of them give so much useful information as the ordinary fabric sleeve. The T and the "Zeppelin" give no indication as to the wind strength or steadiness, and in light winds there is always the suspicion that their bearings may have seized up or be out of order. At night the sensible pilot goes by the flares, and not by the illuminated T.

So that it is impossible to find one thing in favour of the mechanical indicator. It is an example of unnecessary additional complication. It may be that pilots will complain that wind sleeves do not always show the true wind direction owing to eddies made by contiguous sheds or other buildings. But that is a matter of placing them correctly, and having enough of them.

All mechanical wind indicators should be abolished, and every aerodrome should fly at least three well-designed, distinctly coloured wind sleeves. Extra

(Continued on p. xvi)



AT THE GLIDING COMPETITION

Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Probyn at Balsdean during the International Gliding Competition. They flew over from Hawkinge, where Squadron-Leader Probyn commands No. 25 Fighter Squadron, in their Widgeon light aeroplane. Squadron-Leader Probyn uses his aeroplane as a normal touring vehicle and has probably covered more miles by air than any other private owner.



MR. BRIAN LEWIS

Who divides his time equally between motor car-racing and aviation. For race meetings at Brooklands he travels over in his Puss Moth. His successes in his Talbot car will be fresh in mind, the most recent being when he gained second place in the 500 miles race



by
GILBERT
STUART
(1755-1828)

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COURSING ON THE COTSWOLDS

W. Dennis Moss

At the opening of the Cotswold Coursing Club Season a week ago, Brigadier-General Robert McCalmont, D.S.O., late Irish Guards, Mrs. Hollins, the Hon. Mrs. Parshall, a daughter of Lord and Lady Bledisloe, and Major Vernon Harcourt. Brigadier-General McCalmont joined the Irish Guards from the Warwickshire Regiment in 1900

FOR this Grand National Election Stakes there are two horses which no one who is the right side of the walls of Hanwell or Colney Hatch will back. One is named "Dumper" the other "Under-Cutter." Even Mr. Baldwin's young lady friends must know "quate" enough about racing to understand that these are certain losers and cannot possibly get the course.

* * * *

There may be a few people still left who will have a bet on one horse in the Cambridgeshire for old association's sake—the name of the steed being Lord Bill by Beresford! There are certainly two people who, I expect, will feel as I do about it, that some of us ought to have a bit on for luck; one is Lord Fitzwilliam and the other Lord Clanwilliam, for they were both on the late Lord Lansdowne's staff with Lord Bill Beresford, the former being then Lord Milton, and the latter the Hon. Arthur Vesey Meade. The late Lord Suffield, who was then Charles Harbord, was also on that very sporting Indian Vice-regal staff at the same time, and Colonel Fenn was the medical unit and had been with one of the Guards battalions, I can't remember which, and there were Brazier-Creagh and Herbert (Central India Horse) and the late Lord Ava part of the time on his father's staff; but from the military secretary downwards, they were all extremely decorative, at least, so the damsels used to say, and as most of them were then bachelors, the state of twitter which prevailed I will leave to your imagination: India was then a much pleasanter spot in which to live and have a bit of sport like [than it is to-day, and it was much cheaper. There were, of course, internal and external ructions, as there always have been and always will be, and wasn't it Lord Bill himself who saved one Viceroy (Lord Ripon) from being kidnapped by the Behar Light Horse—a wild lot in them days—over a thing called the Ilbert Bill. The B.L.H. came down from the indigo districts and camped themselves on the Ballygunge maidan at the height of the European indignation against Lord Ripon over his support of Ilbert's Bill, which proposed to do very much what is being done now. It was only through Lord Bill's influence with Paddy Hudson, Jimmy McLeod, and a few more of the wild fellys who conceived the playful idea of bailing up His Ex. when he was out for a drive and taking him for a ride to the backwoods of Behar that it was averted. And there were chaps in that fine volunteer cavalry regiment at that time who would have done it right enough, for there was little that was too hot or too heavy for

them. It was only by a bit of luck that Lord Bill got wind of it, and having a way with him that would charm a bird off a tree, he managed to get the B.L.H. to see how improper it would be to do a highwayman act on a Viceroy. Some of the lads I know, were rather disappointed, and I am sure I should have been myself. It happened some years before my time, but I expect there are one or two people still alive who have a clear recollection of it; one is Sir Tougal McLeod, who is a kinsman of the late Jimmy McLeod, a grand man in his day between the flags, and Sir Jack Hewett. Tougal McLeod was also a great chap to go, and was for years the local M.F.H., that is to say, he used to run things called paper-chases which were always about as fierce a ride as anyone could wish to take on. There was a bit of poetry made about these things by the local bard, and part of it went like this to the tune of "A Fine Hunting Day": "There's the Old Man (Perman) himself on a bay; There's Lord Bill on a good 'un to stay; There's Jimmy (Boyd) on Bob, very much on the job; And Titwillow to show 'em the way." I won't say who "Titwillow" was, but some of them still may remember.

Lord Bill Beresford was military secretary to four Viceroys as far as I can remember, and I think I'm right in saying that he first came on in Lord Lytton's time, and he was certainly with Lord Ripon, Lord Dufferin, and Lord Lansdowne; and most of the time he was in India there was also the chap, one Allen, who broke Lord Bill's nose quite badly in a fight they had at Eton, and which history said Lord Bill won. Anyway, I'm fairly sure that it was shortly after he got his V.C. in the Zulu War that Lord Bill came to India. He was attached on that show to the 17th Lancers, and brought a man out of action whose horse had been shot under him. The story went that the trooper at first declined to climb up behind Lord Bill in spite of the Zulus being so close up, and that Lord Bill said that if he

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Poole, Dublin

"WHERE THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURNE SHWAPE DOWN TO THE SEA"

Mr. Gerald and Lady Elizabeth Annesley at Castlewellan, co. Down, one of the finest estates in Ulster, and given to Mr. Annesley by his mother, Lady Mabel Annesley. Lady Elizabeth Annesley is a daughter of the Earl and Countess of Roden

LES SÉLECTIONS NOUVELLES D'HOUBIGANT



HOUBIGANT

PARFUM
ÉTUDE

OF AN ENTIRELY NEW CONCEPTION
AND BLENDED WITH ONLY THE
RAREST AND MOST PRECIOUS
ESSENCES, THIS TENACIOUS PERFUME
EXHALES ITS PERFECTION AFTER
A PERIOD OF EVAPORATION

PETROL VAPOUR : By W. G. ASTON.

Too Much Economy !

If this year there is not quite such an atmosphere of gaiety and abandon about the Motor Show, there is no doubt plenty of reason for that state of affairs. For one thing it is only a few days since the Income Tax assessments arrived to decorate the breakfast table, and it takes some little time for most of us to recover from the smack in the eye which that species of document so accurately delivers. But a more potently sobering influence lies, I believe, in the fact that the period of the Show has ceased to be an occasion for banquetteings, junkettings, and general high-kickings. Why only last year, had I so wished, I could have done two fine fat dinners every night, to say nothing of an assortment of choice luncheons. This is all changed now. So far as I am aware, there has not been a single evening function, for when the S.M.M.T. led off by cancelling its usual barbecue at the Connaught Rooms it was only natural that others should abide by the example. Personally I think this is all a mistake. Lest you should say "the poor fellow has lost his gratis entertainment and, of course, he misses it," let me assure you that for years I have never attended more than one Show dinner at most, by reason of having no great taste in that direction and of living a longish way from town. Hence this thing affects me personally neither one way nor the other. What it does is to damp enthusiasm, which is something that we can very well do with in any kind of business, however flourishing. Moreover, I don't believe that there is any real economy at all in the idea. So long as we do not pump money out of the country the more freely we spend it within our own shores the better for everybody, for every time money changes hands it contributes something to the purse of the State. If this economy stunt were carried to a logical conclusion, and we buttoned our pockets resolutely against any expenditure that wasn't absolutely necessary, we should be bankrupt in three months. One important and rather pompous motor business-man said to me, "A banquet in these times would be an extravagance, a wicked waste." So I said to him, "Well, now, in that case, a new motor-car might be described in precisely the same terms." He temporized and spluttered, but that shot put his high-and-mightiness clean out of action—for the time being at all events, for I fancy next time I meet him he will have thought out some argument. It might easily be thought that, after all, this is no affair of anybody outside the motor trade, but I do not take that view at all. It concerns all of us that our industries should prosper, even down to the smallest of them, and I do not see that they are very likely to do so if they wear an air of depression and pessimism, as who should say, "I

would like to buy you a drink, old man, but I'm too much under the weather." Just now London is full of potential buyers of cars from abroad, and it is precisely our exports that we want to increase in every possible way. These people ought to have been given the impression that, in spite of all sorts of troubles,

our motor industry was absolutely chock full of optimism, for optimism is a contagious feeling, and there are, besides, ample grounds for being optimistic. It is a truism that no really sound piece of business was ever negotiated in a saloon bar, but there are occasions when a "liberal exhibition" of wines and viands and oratory (we are all dull creatures and require a little stirring up) many mean the taking of a critical trick. And besides all this I am singularly hurt because I have been denied the opportunity of listening to my excellent friend, E. M. C. Instone, president of the S.M.M.T., and without question, one of the wittiest speakers in London. His name on the programme would have got me to the repast—had there been one—even if I had had to face thick fog all the way home.

* * * Which Reminds Me.

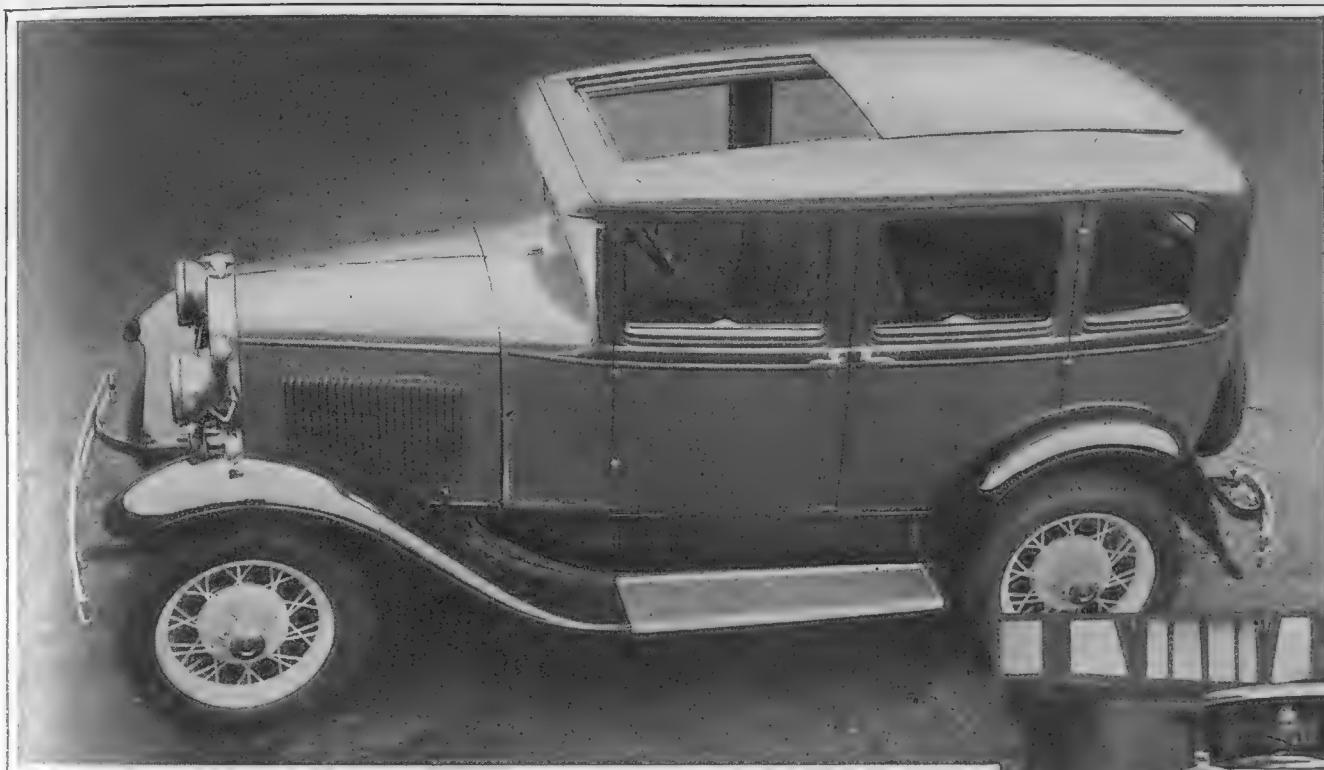
Fog is really a most extraordinary thing, apart altogether from being most damnable unpleasant. Hugging the high kerb of the Great West Road, with three yards of questionable visibility, with the head-lamps cocked down leftwards, with the screen wide open and the cold vapours blowing in, and with everybody else at sixes and sevens (possibly even at eights and nines), has no fascination at all for me. It is too slow and too arduous a proceeding altogether, so that I will put up almost anywhere to discontinue it. Perhaps I might get into trouble for misusing the public services, but I find it a useful plan to ring up a police station or two to get a little local information before setting out. But what I have for the moment in mind is what may be called the "drivable" fog, a thing of films and patches and waywardness, that takes something off the life of your brakes, but otherwise does not do very much harm. How are its curious effects and convolutions to be accounted for. On grayling bent, I set off early the other morning, and for miles the mist limited me to a solemn 20 m.p.h. Then all of a sudden it disappeared entirely. The sun rode hotly in the midst of an immaculately blue sky that simply had no right to exist in October. Then for another thirty miles I was well in the smother. And then, at my destination I was out of it again. A scorching day, an entire absence of wind, ought to have told me that driving home at night might be ticklish, but I took my chance, and it was not so bad after all. But my wind-screen did some (to me) unaccountable things. Within five minutes of starting off it was opaque with condensed steam on the inside. Well, that is easily comprehensible. I suppose it all is, really. Well, the next thing that happened was that the screen became opaque on the outside, so that I had to set the squeaky and groaning wipers at work. Then the screen entirely cleared itself, so that for quite a long time I drove in comparative com-

fort. Presto! All of a sudden it was as though milk had been squirted all over it. I handkerchiefed the inside furiously, which did not seem to better things very much, but it enabled me to perceive that the wiper arm was dealing, not with moisture, but with ice. At either end of its stroke it scrabbled up

(Continued on p. xvi)

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

REGARDED FROM ANY ANGLE THE NEW FORD IS A HUNDRED-PER-CENT. PROPOSITION



The New FORD "De Luxe" Fordor Saloon, £225 at Works (14.9 h.p. engine, £5 extra)

Look at the "lines." Test the comfort of the bodywork. Sample the lightness, yet truth, of the steering. Experience the restfulness and road-worthiness of the suspension, at any speed, over any surface. Investigate the noiselessness of the all-steel, one-piece body construction. Examine, most searchingly, the power developed by the engine, at anything above idling speed. Then satisfy yourself of the real security afforded by those brakes.

Ask an Experienced FORD Owner to tell you about running-costs. Take his opinion of FORD Facilities, the ubiquitous, unique service organisation, with a definite, fixed, low charge for every operation, every replacement.



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THEN SUM-UP . . .

Consider whether or not any other car can approach the New FORD in value for money, in direct, forcible appeal to the buyer who does *not* buy a car to run it for twelve months and scrap it.

In the long run, for year-after-year service, there is nothing to compare with the New FORD.

THE REWARD OF PÈRE DEBUSSY

By KENNETH JAMES

OFF the Grande Rue de Pera in Constantinople there is a little crazy street whose uneven cobbles meander irresolutely on till they are brought up as if in blank surprise at a crazy little house. Here, in the Street of the Thousand Saints lived Père Debussy and here he plied his trade, for he was a cobbler, a cobbler of ravaged souls as well as of old and worn-out shoes.

Père Debussy was a moralist, seldom in speech, but in every action of his simple, straight-forward life. Often the low archway of his door admitted a youth or maid, sometimes a middle-aged man or woman. These were the flotsam cast up by waves of sorrow to the old cobbler's door. From him they sought advice and solace. When they entered the little house their faces showed strain, anxiety, the ravages of the many emotions which scourge humanity. When they left the marks of suffering had given place to peace—proof that the old cobbler cobbled with efficacy.

Père Debussy was tall and shambling and gentle. He was not a bachelor. Almost equally beloved of all the frequent visitors to the little house was Mère Debussy, small and rosy and plump with a look of perpetual honeymoon in her eyes. Blue eyes they were, serene and gentle and proud with the assurance of a woman who knows that her man is the most wonderful being on earth.

One great sadness possessed Mère Debussy. Womanlike she longed to see official recognition of her man's merits. To her they were patent as well as to the dwellers in the Street of the Thousand Saints and its numberless twins within a radius of miles, but his good works lacked the stamp and seal of recognition conferred by authority. That the acknowledgment would eventually come she never doubted. With her it was a certainty amounting to an obsession. Certainly the dilatoriness of authority was annoying, and it was this chiefly that she chafed at. Sometimes, when in expansive mood, Mère Debussy would air her grievance, but her little grumble was always tempered with optimism. That very morning she had discussed the matter with the parish priest.

"Figure to yourself, mon père," she prattled. "From far and near men come to see him, men and women, boys and girls; ah, the poor girls, my heart bleeds for them. It is too much freedom that they get now, mon père, and in that lies much sorrow; to each he gives advice so that they leave him happy and serene. And all to what end? Is there an honour? Any distinction? None! But it will come. I know it. A light cannot for ever be hidden."

To this the priest, wondering inwardly at the astonishing inconsistencies which go to the make-up of the very best of women, murmured consolingly.

"Le bon Dieu—in his own good time ——"

"Indeed and indeed I know," Mère Debussy answered excitedly.

"God in his good time will reward him, but is that any reason for an ingrate Government to withhold recognition. But, hush!" For she heard her husband's footsteps and Père Debussy's gentleness froze to calm anger when honours and rewards for him were discussed.

With advancing autumn came a period of anxiety and alarm for the dwellers in the Saints, and its hundred crazy replicas winding from the Grande Rue. The plague, its very name a chill menace, visited the district. No respecter of persons, it took toll indiscriminately, here anticipating God by a few months as it took some aged men, and again, like a reckless boy striking down poppies in a field, smiting a girl blossoming into young womanhood or a child just born.

Those were busy days for the little house. The piles of old shoes that needed repair rose higher and higher, for Père Debussy had other work. They came in a never-ending stream for comfort. Some were old and walked in miserable singleness, wretchedly aware that with the departure of life companions, some of their own entity had gone. Some were young men and girls bereft of a happy partnership just begun; mothers, too, their eyes agonizingly rejecting the proof of their empty arms. They came to the little house and the old

cobbler. He had comforted them before when things were bad, perhaps even now he could help.

So they came and sat in grief-stricken rows in the low-roofed room while Père Debussy's gentle voice poured words of comfort like balm on their sorrow, and Mère Debussy ministered to their more material wants with scalding coffee and crisp brown rolls, such of them as she could rouse from their grief-stricken apathy.

Her heart soared with pride at this final proof of the trust held in her man by her world at a period so terror-laden and distressful.

"Such a man," she murmured in wifely ecstasy to herself. "Do they go to the good father—or to the doctors? No, but to him they come. Truly the reward is as long in coming as it is well earned."

Then came a day when the plague, perhaps tiring of the old man who tried so hard to comfort the sorrows it had caused, visited the cobbler's *ménage*. That evening the sufferers who came for comfort were disappointed. With parched and blackening lips Père Debussy lay quietly enduring the plague, not fighting it, for his faith was too deep for that, while his wife comfortably tended him. She did not doubt the issue.

"God will surely save him," she assured herself. "For has not the reward still to come?"

And to those who came for comfort she explained serenely. "He is not well to-day, a little something. But come to-morrow. He will be well enough."

There was no to-morrow for Père Debussy. Late that night, tightly holding his wife's hand as he lay, and breathing with such regularity that the good woman rapturously expected that he would indeed "be well enough," Père Debussy quietly left his wife and the little crazy house and the piles of still-to-be-mended shoes on his last long journey.

And so some mourners seeking comfort found them in the morning, the old cobbler's gentle face calm as in life, his fingers still encircling his wife's hand while she knelt beside the bed in an apathy more terrible than sorrow. To their solicitous queries she answered nothing, but continued to kneel, her eyes fixed and expressionless, her whole body immobile. When the priest came, more moved than any had ever remembered seeing him, it was the same. His consolation and prayers were as little heeded by the kneeling woman as they were by the long, gaunt figure in the bed.

The news had flown round the neighbours in hushed horror from lip to blanched lip. Even now with life at a discount and death a daily visitant to their houses, the tragedy of Père Dubussy's passing fell among them like a thunderbolt, transcending their own sorrows, for he was more than an individual, he was an institution.

They came in scores, rallying to the aid of the cobbler's widow. The men left their own concerns and took charge of the arrangements for the funeral, while the women struggled vainly to arouse Mère Debussy from the inertia into which she had sunk.

The funeral was fixed for the same evening, and all that day a steady stream of people passed in and out of the little house where the cobbler lay, almost as if in state. His wife still knelt beside the bed, numb and unseeing, insensible to the passers by, to all except her sorrow.

When the funeral was about to commence, they managed to arouse her to an understanding of what was happening. She nodded dull comprehension, and the long cortège started.

As the funeral turned slowly from the Street of the Thousand Saints into the Grande Rue de Pera, two officers in British uniform descended the wide steps of a building on the roof of which fluttered the Union Jack. One wore the insignia of a General, the other the hardly less exalted rank badges of a Lieutenant-General. The first drew himself up sharply half way down the steps.

"Steady, Jack," he said warningly. "A funeral coming up."

"Sorry," the other apologized. "I wasn't looking. This confounded plague, I suppose. I hear it's decimating them in the poorer quarters."

(Continued on p. vi)



Quietness and Modernity

the keynote of the new

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The Richmond Saloon, £485 (formerly £515)

Smoother, sweeter-running than ever, with its "Silent Third" Gear. More imposing in appearance. More pleasurable to drive

NOTABLE improvements and price reductions have been made to the Vauxhall Eighty.

It has a new gearbox with a "Silent Third," resulting in easy gear-changing and quiet running in all gears. The engine is smoother. A combined air-cleaner and silencer quietens the intake. The bodies are now mounted on rubber blocks — eliminating rattles. These new models well deserve the name of Vauxhall Silent Eighty.

Then there are deft touches of modernity in appearance, such as a chromium-plated radiator guard — large hubs with chromium hubcaps. New, distinctive body styles have been added.

The interiors are luxurious, with real armchair comfort for the driver and his companion. Recessed arm-rests add to the accommodation in the rear seat.

The weatherproof sliding roof — another new

feature — is of the flush type, which does not break the clean line of the roof — it is practically unnoticeable.

Any dealer will give you a catalogue showing the wide range of bodies, all with safety glass throughout. He will gladly take you out for a trial run. If you prefer, write direct to Vauxhall Sales Department, General Motors Ltd., The Hyde, Hendon, London, N.W.9.

NEW PRICES (ex Works, Hendon)

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VAUXHALL SILENT EIGHTY

For those who want a light Six, there is the 17-h.p. Vauxhall Cadet, with Synchro-Mesh and Silent Second Gear, £285. Special 26-h.p. model for overseas.
COMPLETE RANGE OF MODELS ON VIEW AT 174-182 GT. PORTLAND ST., W.1





AT RANELAGH: Miss Nan Baird and Miss Margery White, winners of "Britannia and Eve's" Autumn Foursomes, with the runners-up, Mrs. Peter Gold and Mrs. R. E. A. Bott, and behind Miss M. A. Raworth, Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, and Mrs. Walter Payne (semi-finalists). Miss Raworth and her French partner had to scratch in the semi-finals to allow Madame Monier to practise for the international encounter at Oxhey

ONCE again, *embarras de richesses* says she, not from knowing the language or from the influence of our visitors at Oxhey, but just because it is the literal truth. How is it possible to do justice to three days at Ranelagh and Roehampton, the first official International match, and two days at Worplesdon, all in one page? The most gifted wrtr. of sml. adv. in prsnl. clm. would be hard put to it; as for the mere journalist—

However, it has got to be attempted. Ranelagh was just exactly as it always was and will be,



AT ROEHAMPTON: In front—Miss D. M. Hardie and Mrs. C. H. Parry (winners), and Mrs. Elliott Batt and Miss I. Dove (runners-up). Behind are the semi-finalists, Mrs. Oldershaw and Mrs. Waldron Rose, Mrs. E. M. Parnall and Miss Parnall



WELL PLAYED! Handshakings at Oxhey between Madame P. Munier and Mrs. Percy Garon and Madame A. M. Vagliano and Miss Joyce Wethered after the British pair had won this foursome. The first ladies' international golf match between Great Britain and France aroused tremendous enthusiasm, and though the result was one-sided the French team displayed grand fighting qualities and perfect sportsmanship

entrancing, infuriating, the home of the short and steady, the course where length can score—everything in turn and nothing very long, except the place above all others where it is possible to enjoy golf and see a joke. The prophets had a busy time of it making up their minds and changing them as to who would win. This little prophet had been firmly sat on when she ventured to say early in the proceedings that Miss Nan Baird and Miss Margery White were an extremely good couple, for somebody had seen them playing some

Eve at Golf

By ELEANOR E. HELME

quite indifferent golf in the first round and so thought them capable of nothing else. They forgot that Miss Baird did not win the Girls' Championship in 1929 nor the West of Scotland Championship a month ago for nothing, nor Miss Margery White tour America with Miss Fishwick without learning something. When the pair had won, this little prophet had hard work not to say "I told you so."

Still, she has to admit that her fancy strayed at one time to a sister pair, Mrs. Walter Payne and Mrs. Geoffrey Toye, who seemed to have just the same sympathetic inspiration for each other that Miss Diana and Miss Lulu Esmond

had the year before. On the second afternoon it carried them through at the 19th, after being down the whole way, against Miss Pim and Miss Garnham and on the third afternoon against Mrs. Percy Garon and Frau Zahn. The sisters went to bits in the semi-final, and Miss Baird and Miss White seized on those bits and put them together into a grand 16 holes in two under four's, and so were tuned up for perfection for the final. The other semi-final was a sad anti-climax, for there was a walk-over for Mrs. Bott and Mrs. Peter Gold, Madame Monier being obliged to go and practise at Oxhey for the France v. Great Britain match, inevitably leaving her most truly promising partner, Miss Raworth to scratch. This pair had played wonderful golf. On the third morning they were round in 69, and even so won only on the last green from Miss Hartopp and Miss Evershed (last year's Roehampton winners), the whole match standing out as quite the most brilliant of the whole week. Mrs. Bott and Mrs. Gold won by good golf and even better courage; they were never up on the big hitters of the tournament, Miss Rudgard and Miss Clarke until they won on the last green, nor against Mrs. J. B. Walker and Miss McLintock until the 15th, eventually beating them on the 19th.

But a morning spent in watching how well Miss Baird and Miss White were playing did Mrs. Bott and Mrs. Gold no good. Their golf in the final was a sad travesty of what it had been in the earlier rounds, and Miss White and Miss Baird, taking eleven holes in three under fours, beat them 8 and 7. So a Scottish name for the first time decorates the Autumn Foursomes cups, and a rare good name it is, too, with any amount of beautiful approaching and putting and steady play up to the hole behind it. Miss White's shots up to the hole were excellent too, and the pair pulled together as if they had known each other's game for ever.

(Continued on p. xx)

Fit your cigarette to the occasion

When lingering over the coffee and liqueur you may well indulge in the luxury of those opulent De Reszke *Americans*.

20 for 1/6

*

For the normal everyday occasion, when you are not too hurried, you will wisely choose the standard De Reszke *Virginias*.

20 for 1/-

*

And for a "brief-time" smoke (e.g., between the dances) there are the new (and now famous) De Reszke *Minors*—a beautifully made cigarette of precisely the same choice Virginia leaf as its bigger brothers.

20 for 8d.



DE RESZKE
— of course!

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

Eve, 1899, wears a white lace dress with wide epaulette sleeves on which rest three or four roses; she has long white gloves, her cape terminates some inches below the waist and is a mass of soft chiffon frills, while in her hair is a diamond ornament. In 1903 her evening dress is composed of shaded chiffon, a silken fringe some 12 in. wide forms the hem, it is headed

scene appears in a graceful petunia velvet dress; it is cut in a V in the front, the back is cut away, there is a large bustle bow, and the scheme is completed with a waisted silver tissue brocade coat lined with velvet. In another scene on the same evening, where cabaret reigns supreme, Binnie Barnes as Fanny Bridges wears a white satin frock; there is a mere apology for a corsage, the skirt is long with a perfectly-fitting hip-yoke. She carries a pink ostrich feather fan, and she manipulates it so that it casts becoming shadows over her face and dress.

* * * * *

Everything for the Autumn Wardrobe.

It was only representatives, not their entire collection of autumn models, that

(Continued on p. iv)

Debenham and Freebody are noted for their simple and graceful gowns, and it was at their Parade of Fashion that this cyclamen mauve evening gown scored a triumph. Fashion's commands are mirrored in it, extreme notes being eliminated

Fashions in "Cavalcade."

CAVALCADE, presented by Charles B. Cochran at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, is really a series of beautiful pictures, each in itself perfect, showing English life during the last thirty years; fashion is subservient except where it is influenced by passing events. The scene in the park after the death of Queen Victoria demonstrates that where mourning is concerned the wheel of fashion has revolved very rapidly. The figures are suggestive of moving silhouettes rather than living men and women. Pleasures and modes by the sea have likewise greatly changed; there was, however, a photographer and the children building sand-castles. This was in 1910; the approach of an aeroplane was such an event that everything is left in order that a glimpse of it may be obtained.

* * * * *

A Brilliant Reception.

There is a wonderful reception in 1903, and here it is that the fashions of that era may be contrasted with those of to-day. It is really impossible to do anything like justice to the wonderful colours and the blaze of jewels; long skirts and small waists were on the crest of the wave. Mary Clare as Jane Marryot on New Year's

with roses massed together. Width is given to the shoulders by a wide berthe of lace, the puff sleeves are finished with a wide frill of chiffon.

* * * * *

New Year's Eve, 1930.

When New Year's Eve, 1930, arrives Mary Clare is an old lady with snow-white hair and a black evening dress, which is emblematical of the dignity that it is desired that England, and as passing events are mirrored in the modes, they also, shall attain. Irene Brown in this

Some of the smartest evening wraps match the frocks. This one is from Debenham and Freebody's collection; important features are the shoulder drapery and muff sleeves. The dress of the same material has a rounded neckline, and is cut away below the yoke in a decidedly becoming manner



Elli &
Fulton



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FELT HATS
ARE TRUMPS
THIS WINTER



The house of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., is one with old-world traditions. Nevertheless, it thoroughly appreciates the needs of the smart woman. To-day they have gone nap on small hats of felt. The model on the left reveals the forehead, but conceals the right ear, appealing to shaded feathers to assist in the work. The hat on the right-top, although casting no shadows across the face, is particularly becoming with a feather fantaisie resting against the top of the brim. The last of the trio has its charm increased with softly pleated ribbon.



H.R.H.

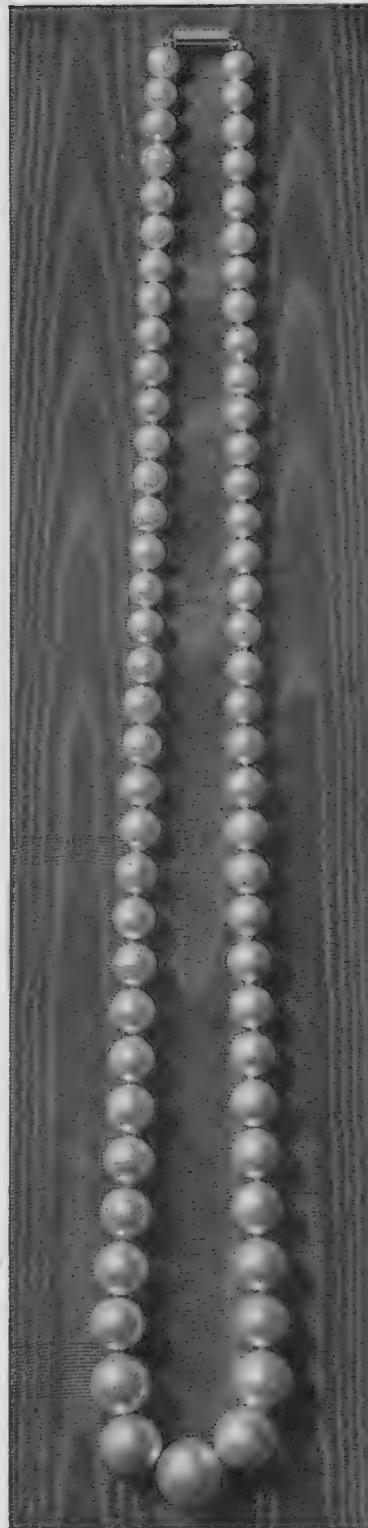
PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF GREECE



I had often heard of Ciro Pearls - but until recently when I had the pleasure of seeing your collection - I had never believed that nature could have so serious a rival. I was astounded to find that I was quite unable to distinguish Ciro Pearls from the real, side by side.

Personally I think that no jewel equals the pearl. Not only do they lend charm to every gown - but there is also something very alluring about them - that just gives the perfect finishing touch to every well-dressed woman!

*Princess Elizabeth
Princess of Greece*



Whatever may be out, pearls are always in. The pearl is rightly fashion's favourite, for the pearl favours every fashion. Such is the opinion of H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth of Greece. And the Princess subscribes to the conviction of many distinguished wearers of Ciro Pearls. The flawless untouched beauty of the sea pearl belongs also to the Ciro Pearl. But what does not belong to the Ciro Pearl is the sea pearl's price.

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, showed at their Parade of Fashion, and the prices were as varied as the models; for instance, there was a fur coat of natural brown caracul and natural blue fox for 298 guineas, while a coat of Lido panne velvet was 5½ guineas; there was an afternoon dress of brown marocain for 7½ guineas, and a cardigan and skirt of beige and brown knitted wool was 5½ guineas, while a tunic tea frock of velvet, trimmed with fur, was 6½ guineas.

* * *

A Step Forward.

Nowadays it is essential that the complexion be in harmony not only with the colour of the gown, but with the general characteristics of the wearer of beautiful clothes. Appreciating this fact, Debenham and Freebody sought the aid of experts from the salons of Elizabeth Arden, and every face was treated to suit the dress and the wearer. The effect was wonderful, and on all sides there were exclamations regarding the beauty of the mannequins. It was indeed a case of Art emphasizing the charm of Nature.

* * *

Velvet and Satin.

Reverting to the fashions, the illustrations on p. 130 were inspired by the models shown. Two views of the palest mauve cyclamen satin dress are given. The picture at the top shows the almost naked back outlined with pearl and crystal embroidery; at the base is a much-modified bustle bow. The back could be raised if desired. The front view shows the cowl drapery caught with a crystal link brooch, and there is the pannier drapery with inverted pleats bow. The imposing coat on the right is carried out in narrow brown velvet and is the complement of the dress below. The sleeves are very full and partake of a muff; while the shoulder drapery may be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the prospective wearer. Regarding the dress at the base, decidedly novel notes are the rounded neck-line and the cutting away of the material below the

yoke. It is a dress that is as becoming to the slight figure as to one of generous proportions. By the way, this firm is responsible for a brochure entitled "British Lingerie"; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free, as well as one entitled "The Secret of Slenderness," which is devoted to corsets.

* * *

Slimming Furs.

Never have furs been so flattering or so slimming as they are at this date in the calendar. The art of the furrier and the tailor is seen in happy unison in the fur wraps that have gone into residence at Percy Vickery's, 235, Regent Street, W., and the prices

cannot be made too widely known is that there are natural musquash and pony-skin coats for 15 guineas, and that Persian lamb coats with sable squirrel collars and cuffs are 37 guineas. Coats of galyak also occupy a prominent position in these salons. Illustrations of the same will be sent on application.

* * *

Personality Dresses.

Very becoming were the wraps, dresses, and their satellites at the fashion display in Geene Glenny's artistic salons, 128, New Bond Street; there was no doubt about it that women had come to buy and not merely to look. Individuality is the characteristic feature of the models, and they were endowed with an interesting atmosphere of sophisticated simplicity.

Her personality dresses aroused great admiration, for, like Josephine's dress-maker, she had ransacked the past in order to discover something that is old enough to bear resuscitation. Her Egyptian model was inspired by one that was worn by the ladies of the Court some 2,000 years before Christ; naturally it has been cleverly modernized. There is the Empress Eugénie, Queen Margaret, and Philippa. Again, there are the shadow frocks; they are as suitable for dancing as a quiet dinner at home. They are accompanied by coatees that possess only one sleeve, the other side being composed of soft draperies.

* * *
The Week-End Ensemble.

Surely no one but Geene Glenny could have designed and carried out such a practical and smart affair as the week-end ensemble. A mannequin appears wearing a very distinctive sports suit of wool marocain with a cape flung over her arm. She removes the coat when it is seen that the jumper is cut in a "V," she takes the cape, and in the fraction of a second converts it into a long-draped skirt; her cherry-coloured scarf becomes a sash. Another interesting evening dress is known by the sailor's

that prevail cannot fail to appeal to our depleted exchequers. Imagine, the black pony-skin coat pictured on the left of this page is only 29 guineas; it is reinforced with a sable-dyed squirrel collar. It does indeed give to the figure a very slender outline. The short coat that is worn by the seated figure is of Afghan lamb; it is the same price. A fact that

dream; it is composed of velvet just off white shade, stoles form the sleeve; the *clou* of the entire creation is that it is held in position with two fastenings. A novel material that made an afternoon dress was patterned with elephants in silhouette; there was nothing *outré* about it; of course its purchase would ensure good luck to the wearer.



FASHIONABLE FUR COATS

The model on the left is of pony-skin reinforced with sable squirrel collar, while the short coat on the right is of Afghan lamb. At Percy Vickery's, 235, Regent Street, W.1

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will help to keep your
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The Reward of Père Debussy—(Cont. from p. 126)

An orderly commotion from the guard-room before the building drew an enquiring glance from the more senior.

The other scanned his watch.

"Guard turning out for 'retreat,' sir," he explained. "It's nearly six o'clock. Official sundown."

The funeral was passing now the mortal remains of the old cobbler whose steadfast soul had given hope where only despair had been.

In conformity with British Army custom, the two General Officers came stiffly to the salute as the cortège drew opposite them. By a happy chance the first stroke of six sounded.

"Guard! Present—arms!"

The sergeant's voice rang out crisply; and the sweet, silvery notes of bugles took up the tale as the buglers sounded the retreat, while the broken Union Jack fluttered down the flagstaff, slowly, proudly.

The funeral was over and Father Pierre, the parish priest, pondered sorrowfully on the duty that still lay before him. He was on his way to the house of bereavement to offer Mère Debussy such consolation as he could. Remembering her grief-stricken apathy he shook his head in grave conference with himself.

"When they do not cry

it is difficult; in the hands of God alone," he murmured.

A little in trepidation he knocked at the door. It drew slowly open, and the priest was confronted, not by a woman prostrated by sorrow but by one borne up by some secret strength.

Looking amazedly at her, Father Pierre saw the deep suffering in her old eyes, saw also that above the suffering some strong emotion flamed resurgent. It was pride, fierce and possessive, pride in her dead.

"You saw, mon père?" Mère Debussy's voice rang out vibrant.

"You saw the two generals? Indeed, and I know they were generals. Jacques Lafonte was in the War and he told me. And the guard which saluted and the flag? You saw it all? I knew that even at the



ON THE DON: MRS. EDWARD LOMAX AND JOHN FRASER (GHILLIE)

Fishing on Sir Frederick Becker's water on the Don near Aberdeen, Mrs. Edward Lomax killed these seven salmon in two-and-a-half hours, all mouth hooked. Mr. and Mrs. Lomax have had most astounding sport. They killed fifty-nine fish during the second fortnight in September, and their total for the month was seventy-four



UP NORTH: SIR HENRY LYTTON

And the fish are a 17-pounder and 14-pounder which he killed. The D'Oyly Carte company were then playing in Edinburgh en route to Golders Green and Streatham

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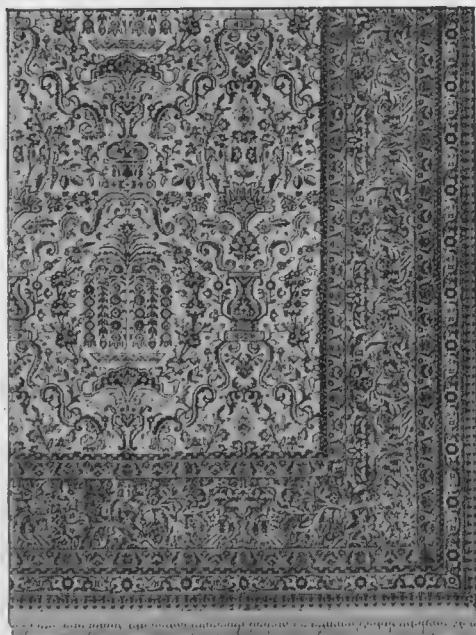
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10 6 X	9 0	-	12	1 6
12 0 X	9 0	-	13	16 0
12 0 X	11 3	-	17	5 0
13 6 X	9 0	-	15	10 6
13 6 X	11 3	-	19	8 3
15 0 X	9 0	-	17	5 0
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16 6 X	11 3	-	23	14 6
18 0 X	11 3	-	25	17 6

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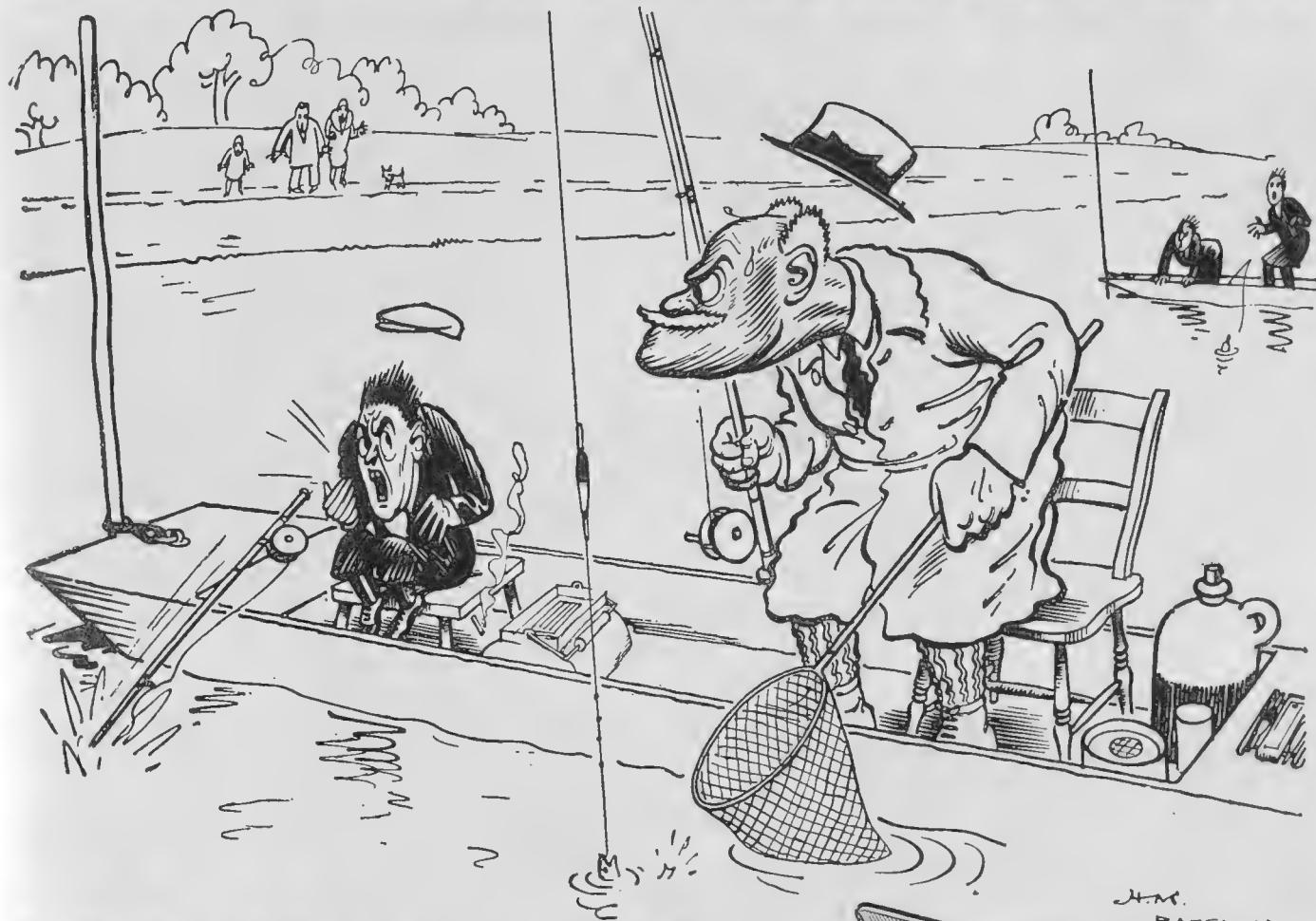
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Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough



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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



MISS ELIZABETH WRIGLEY

The daughter of Major and Mrs. Hardy Wrigley, whose marriage to Mr. Philip Brent Grotrian, the third son of Mr. H. Brent Grotrian, K.C., High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, and Mrs. Brent Grotrian of Knolls, Leighton Buzzard, takes place in December

Allcard are to be married in Bombay.

A New Year Wedding.

The marriage will take place in January between Mr. Thomas Keith Wykeham Fair, the son of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Fair, Elmore House, Newbury, and Miss Eileen Muriel Turner, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert R. J. Turner of 13, Evelyn Gardens, S.W.7.

Marrying Shortly.

On October 24, Mr. Mark W. Tait, M.C., and Miss Mary Gwynne are to be married; November 4 is the date fixed for the marriage between Mr. Robert

Abroad.

Mr. Cecil Richmond and Miss Rosamond Berry are being married shortly at St. George's Cathedral, Jerusalem; on October 24, Captain Charles Edmond Allan Graham, R.E., is marrying Miss Ethel Kathleen Trezenza at Mhow, Central India; Captain Patrick William Lee, the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Miss Doreen Esme Ranoe are being married soon in Calcutta; and on December 12, Mr. Stephen William Wilcox and Miss Betty



MR. AND MRS. GERD LEIGH CLAY

Photographed after their marriage early this month. The bride was formerly Miss Drusilla Foster, and is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Foster of Westcliff House, Bournemouth, and Mr. Clay is a son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Clay of Wyndcliffe Court, Chepstow

Fearnley-Whittingstall and Miss Thomas, which is to be at St. Martin-in-the-Fields; and at the end of November Mr. Frank Leslie John Rogerson and Miss Eileen Daphne Solina Joel are being married very quietly.

Recently Engaged.

Captain T. C. A. Clarke, Royal Tank Corps, the only son of the late Mr. Cecil Clarke and Mrs. Clarke of 3, Hamilton Terrace, N.W., and Miss Dorothy Margaret Leslie-Spinks, the elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Leslie-Spinks of Bournemouth; Mr. George Blackwood Reade, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. George Reade of Longworth, Eastbourne, and Miss Sheila Hingston, the only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Hingston, C.I.E., O.B.E., I.M.S., and Mrs. Hingston of Pantheon House, Madras; Mr. G. T. E. Grey, the Suffolk Regiment, the younger son of Colonel and Mrs. E. Grey, of Court Hill House, Kearsney, Kent, and Miss Veronica Mary Hankin, the elder daughter of the late Mr. A. C. Hankin, C.S.I., and of Mrs. Arthur Hankin, of Wellington, South India.



MISS BETTY DEUCHAR

Who is engaged to Mr. John Ridgeway McNeill Shelford, the West Yorkshire Regiment, is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Deuchar of Disington Hall, Dalton, Northumberland



Miss Olga Lindo

writes

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1, rue Quellin

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

There were meetings of the show and finance committees on October 6, Lady Howe and Lady Faudel Phillips, the respective chairmen, presiding.

The Kennel Club Show was as interesting as it always is. The entry was slightly down on last year, but was much larger than that of three years ago, and the quality of the exhibits was as good as ever. At the Kennel Club Show the variety and general classes are always interesting. It is impossible to enumerate all the names of our members who were showing, but Mrs. Oliver won both certificates in mastiffs, while Miss Loughrey annexed the bitch certificate in deerhounds; and Lady Howe not only took the dog certificate in labradors with Ch. Banchory Trueman, but also won the special for the best brace in the general classes. The Foreign Dog Section was full of interest, Mrs. Baily showing three Thibet mastiffs and three Lhassa apsos, while Mrs. Greig showed three Thibetan terriers and a Thibetan spaniel; Mrs. MacLaren Morrison had her usual team of attractive Lhassa terriers.



SPRINGERS
The property of Miss Maitland Dougall



WIRE-HAIRED PUP
The property of Miss Tueley

judged in an enormous ring, where all the dogs could show themselves well and be easily seen by the spectators.

* * * * *

Wire-haired terriers never lose their attraction or suffer from the vagaries of fashion. They remain always one of the most-sought-after breeds as companions. Miss Tueley sends a snapshot of a well-bred bitch puppy she wishes to sell to a good home. The puppy is eleven months old: a very nice one, with a good coat. Her sire is C' Bishops Neglected.

* * * * *

It is always interesting to students of dogs to see photographs of good ones. This time the picture is of some of Miss Dixon's famous dachshunds: Ch. Honeystake and his daughter, Karkela, and lying down, Kardaxina, who won two firsts at Cheltenham. This little bitch is descended from Miss Dixon's own strain for many generations. Miss Dixon has young stock usually for sale.



DACHSHUNDS
The property of Miss Dixon

The Springer Spaniel is admitted on all sides to be one of the best companions possible for a sportsman. The Springer can do everything any other sporting dog can do and several things he cannot. But not all Springers are brought up the right way, and the first steps in education really are the ones that matter. Miss Maitland Dougall's Springers are from the first brought up in the way they should go. At Portsmouth Show in July she won the Obedience Class with a particularly well-trained Springer, who gave an excellent exhibition; her dogs are also winners on the bench. She has several for sale, of all ages and prices. The picture is of Ester of Byne, seven months old. Ester is house-trained, also she will retrieve and is not gun shy, so is well on the way with her education. The middle dog is the stud dog Beauchief Bridle, winner of about eighty prizes at open and championship shows, and a good worker,

* * *

In the more uncommon breeds Mrs. Basset was showing an Australian terrier, and Mrs. Cameron Miller had sent three bearded collies. It was altogether a great show, and the arrangements were as usual excellent. The Kennel Club classes for braces in the specials were

Letters to
Miss BRUCE,
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"ANTIQUARY" has a rare, mellow flavour and delightful bouquet. A glass of "ANTIQUARY" relieves fatigue, aids digestion, and is a wonderful stimulant—further, it conveys the very spirit of friendship.

Should you have difficulty in obtaining supplies, write for name and address of the nearest agent, to—

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Now simple
to Remove
Ugly Yellow
Stain and
Causes of Decay

Teeth Soon Attractive

If your teeth are dull, tinged with yellow or stain that dims your beauty like a storm cloud when you smile then—

It's time you tried this new and utterly different technique—but recently perfected—that removes every blemish and easily whitens teeth 3 shades in 3 days.

Just do this: Morning and night, give teeth and gums a Kolynos ANTISEPTIC FOAM BATH with a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush.

Then note the day-to-day improvement. Very soon teeth look cleaner and whiter than for years. Gums feel firmer and look healthier. The mouth and breath are sweet and fresh. Here's the reason:

Kolynos is unique. It succeeds where ordinary preparations fail because it becomes an antiseptic foam the very moment it enters the mouth. This foam gets into and cleans out every pit, fissure and crevice. It kills the millions of germs that swarm into the mouth with every breath, defy

ordinary toothpastes and cause 95% of all tooth and gum troubles—190 million are killed in the first 15 seconds.

Gently this exhilarating, antiseptic foam bathes the teeth and gums—erases tartar and the mucoid coating—stimulates the gums—purifies the oral cavity—**CLEANS TEETH AS THEY SHOULD BECLEANED, RIGHT DOWN TO THE BEAUTIFUL NAKED WHITE ENAMEL WITHOUT INJURY!**

Thus stain and ugly yellow are removed. Decay is prevented. Teeth are kept sound and gleaming white. And gums are safeguarded against insidious disease.

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Genuine
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Pictures in the Fire

(continued from p. 122)

didn't he'd get off and give him the best hammering he had ever had in his life. The trooper, knowing how handy his lordship was with his fists, thought he had better give the Zulu assagais a miss. It was a brave act done under very hot rifle fire, and in face of an advancing enemy who was quite adept at making a pin-cushion of you. On the Indian turf, both on the flat and over the obstacles, Lord Bill's Eton blue jacket and black cap were particularly well known. I always had an idea that it was he who invented the exceedingly becoming Eton blue facings the Vice-regal A.D.C.'s wore and no doubt still wear. I am sure that it must have been. It had an almost magnetic effect upon anything of the opposite gender, but as Vice-regal A.D.C.'s were supposed to belong to the same untouchable class as Archdeacons they were held to be perfectly safe, even by the most nervous of mothers. They were rated to be as reliable as London policemen. Spring Captains, on the other hand, always had a blood-red label metaphorically stuck on to them, especially those who were up in Simla, or a place called, by some, "Munsooree Pahar," on language leave (reading up all that bilge about the Four Darwishes in the Bagh o' Bahar) and therefore with nothing whatever to do, and there was one who was called "Death-Rattle Dick," at whom all the duennas used to go down-chARGE the moment he showed his nose anywhere. And they were good judges, believe me. This was in the days when Kipper thought he knew all about the Bright Set when he wrote "The Story of the Gadsbys," "The Phantom Rickshaw," and all those yarns about Mrs. Hawksbee, whom I knew quite well, and who was a most charming person entirely unlike Kipling's picture. Kipling never knew her personally. If he had, he might have written something different.



OFF TO THE MIDDLE SEA: LORD AND LADY HASTINGS

A snapshot aboard the Canadian Pacific liner, "Empress of Australia," the day she left for a Mediterranean cruise. Lord Hastings used to command the 7th Hussars, and Lady Hastings is a daughter of the Marquess of Abergavenny

The most famous horse Lord Bill owned personally was Myall King, an Australian bay gelding with which he won India's biggest race, the Viceroy's Cup, three times—1887, 1888, and 1890, but he was also interested in and the punisher of many other Viceroy's Cup winners: Metal, a rather hot-headed English horse, who won it for the then Maharajah of Durbangah in 1885; Pennant (same owner), 1889; and Sprightly, an English gelding in 1895 and 1896 in the colours of the then Maharajah of Patiala, who was racing under Lord Bill's management. I expect a lot of people still remember Teddy Weekes, Lord Bill's faithful henchman, an ex-pug, who, they said, was a direct descendant of the old county families who made a forced landing in a place called Botany Bay. Teddy Weekes had a pair of the best cauliflower ears I have ever seen, was a tremendously good judge of a blood horse, and would have gone through hell and out the other side for Lord Bill. They used to tell a story about Weekes and another man who agreed to have a battle and drove out one moonlight night to the glacis of the old Fort in a thing called a *tikka gharry*—the flea-infested equivalent of our old growlers. When they arrived at the scene of the conflict neither of them would get out first—for reasons which I leave to the imagination—so they had to drive back again to their pub or gin palace and wait for their friends to open both doors simultaneously and drag each warrior out! When Lord Bill got a particularly bad fall in a Calcutta paper-chase, Teddy Weekes was terribly anxious. It was typical of Lord Bill's grit that even after being carried in he wanted to drive the Government House coach back to town strapped to the box by a stirrup leather. This, of course, could not be permitted as he was badly damaged internally, and Lord Milton (now Lord Fitzwilliam) drove the team home. But this is a fair sample of his quite indomitable courage.

WEST-END tailoring in Ready-to-Wear OVERCOATS

DURING the occasional quiet periods in my business I have kept my tailors busy making coats for the coming winter, with the result that I now have a range of overcoats at 7 and 8 gns. I give you my assurance that you could not get their equal elsewhere for less than 9 to 10 gns. These garments have been made by craftsmen who concentrate on bespoke work, therefore the time and skill put into the creation of these ready-to-wear overcoats are reflected in their perfect cut and finish.

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...GOOD DRINK
(may be long...
may be short)

Any drink, for that matter, that really makes one smile again needs a nice spot of gin in it. Tastes may differ as to the size, colour and make-up of the ideal drink, but it would be one of the gloomier days if we lost sight of that ideal. Forget gloom, forget cares, remember Holloway's Dry London, double distilled and crystal clear always.

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SANTIAGO DE COMPOSTELA. The Cathedral.



GRANADA. Arrayanes Courtyard in the Alhambra.



MADRID. Prado Museum.



EL ESCORIAL. Courtyard of the Evangelists.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky. On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land. In these days of economic depression, money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain—at PARIS: 12, Boulevard de la Madeleine; NEW YORK: 695, Fifth Avenue; ROME: 9, Via Condotti; GIBRALTAR: 63-67, Main Street. At LONDON and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons-Lits, or The American Express, or Dean & Dawson Ltd., or any other Travel Agency.

TOPICS OF VARIED INTEREST

A Restful Restaurant.

In these days of the aeroplane and motor there is a call for simplicity and rest in the decorative schemes of the modern restaurant. This atmosphere of rest and simplicity, combined in a rich and delicate scheme of Louis XV is characteristic of Harvey Nichols' restaurant at Knightsbridge. It has been achieved by the pleasing combination of apple-green and bois-de-rose, the walls and ceiling being delicately painted and scrubbed, shading from apple-green to ivory, relieved by the window furnishing of Lambris in bois-de-rose French cracked satin, edged with green looped fringe, this again being softened by fine curtains of apple-green net finished with heavy tucks, the carpet being of a very soft green to tone. This combination is happily terminated with triple glass shades in bois-de-rose, hung with heavy silk cords to match, the sconces on the wall repeating this effect in tulip-shaped shades of the same colour. Adjoining the restaurant is a new and luxuriously comfortable rest and writing-room, this feature being a very welcome innovation. It is safe to predict that in the near future it will be a fashionable London rendezvous.



A view of the Louis XV Restaurant



The Rest and Writing-room at Harvey Nichols

Concerning the Cuisine.

And now about the food that is provided; it is varied and excellent, and there is always a special dish that has been created to tempt the gourmet. This is changed from day to day. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a wine licence, which is always of importance when entertaining. Only meat of the very best quality is served, and those who appreciate it are able to enjoy good old English fare, which includes roast beef and mutton. Another point to be mentioned is that recherché teas are served throughout the afternoon, and what school-boys call "elevens" are available in the morning, naturally rather more dainty than those that are provided for growing boys. By the way, excellent school cakes can be made to order.

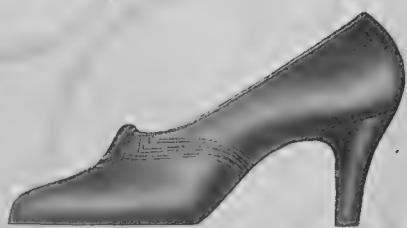
A Forecast of the Coming Fashions.

An admirable forecast of the coming modes may be gleaned from this firm's catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free. Several pages are devoted to inexpensive fashions; for instance, for 98s.6d. there are lace ensembles with softly moulded bodices and full skirts, the short coats being reinforced with sleeves.

*The
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Ltd.*

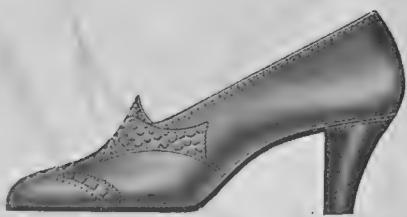
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Black glace kid court shoe. Obtainable also in light brown 42/-
glace kid.



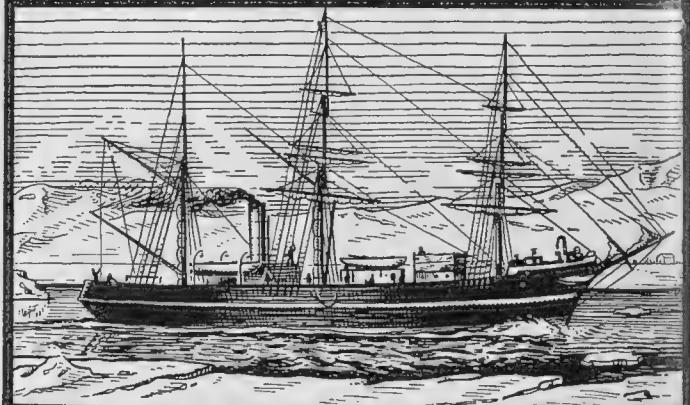
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Brown willow calf, two eyelets tie shoe with crocodile trimming. High leather heel. Also in black box-calf. 38/6



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THE DISCOVERY

This famous ship was specially built for the first of Captain Scott's two historic expeditions, the National Antarctic Expedition, which sailed in August, 1901, and returned in September, 1904. Following the Great Ice Barrier eastward he discovered King Edward VII Land, and made other impor-

tant discoveries including that of the Great Ice Cap of the South Pole. Several polar exploration vessels have been named "Discovery," the first being that which found Baffin's Bay in 1615.

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Felt Hat with crossed quills, 49/6

Harvey Nichols & Co. Ltd., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1

Air Eddies—continued from p. 122

mechanical devices are of no use, and are nothing more than indications that the aerodrome possessing them is falling a victim to the vice of unnecessary display. Croydon, being a large aerodrome, feels that it must spend hundreds upon useless mechanical wind indicators when the humble fabric sleeve does the work more efficiently. That was to be expected with a semi-Government aerodrome. But with Heston it is another matter, and it is difficult to know why that "Zeppelin" is allowed to clutter up the landing space.

* * *

Wayside Wind Sleeves.

While on this subject of wind sleeves it is worth pointing out that their indiscriminate use, though not likely to lead to serious trouble, is to be deprecated. Wayside garages are becoming increasingly fond of flying a wind sleeve. It sometimes happens that the sleeve is close to a field which might or might not be suitable for landing. The unsuspecting pilot, in a hurry for a landing ground, might take the sleeve as an invitation and come down in the adjacent field. It would be an advantage if, in addition to standardizing the fabric wind sleeve all over the world as the established wind indicator, it could also be recognized as the international signal for an aerodrome or landing ground.

* * *

Club Journals.

Among the many flying club journals now published there are some which come up to the highest standards both in the way they are produced and in the matter they contain. Anyone wishing to keep in touch with the doings of the clubs is advised to take in their journals regularly. He will find there not only the information he desires but also some excellent entertainment. Among the best are "The Sywell Windstocking," "The Mersey Air News," and "The Elevator" in its new and improved form.

"The Mersey Air News" contains some of the best humorous contributions in aviation journalism, as well as plenty of solid information.

Petrol Vapour—continued from p. 124

quite a nice little drift, and I was inclined to thank my stars that it is the sort of wiper that has some power behind it. But I ask you, isn't it rather an absurd climate that refrigerates your screen at 9 p.m., when only seven hours before it has been so sweltering that you have had to do your casting in your shirt sleeves! After that glacial epoch I opened the screen as far as it would go (which on the Armstrong is an adequate distance), and left it to steam itself or freeze up just as it chose. Next morning I read in the papers of cars held up by fog. Actually I imagine I had only been dealing with a very mild ground mist but the thing was so beastly deceptive and capricious that I was glad to be done with it. Incidentally, the one spot which I had found "all clear" in the morning was, at night, buried beneath a positive "pea-souper."

* * *

The Horrors.

I believe—on fairly good authority—that the concerns which deal with motor-car insurance are not doing too badly. If that is so they might well make a useful gesture by announcing a slight reduction in premium upon those cars which have their fuel tanks at the back. This would have an immediate and beneficent influence upon designers. Mind you, I am not going to be invidious and I blame nobody but I confess that for myself I have never sat happily behind such an arrangement. But at least it has been proved at this present Show that the rear tank can be incorporated in the almost lowest priced car. There is more than a chance that people would pay a little extra to have the most effective insurance against fire that has yet been devised. As for fire extinguishers they are very excellent in many events, but when a tank gets burst and the flaming contents go up, I hold them to be well-nigh useless. Where can you put them so as to get at them? Relative speed essentially renders any head-on collision far worse than one of the head-to-tail sort, and on this argument alone I would plump for a rear tank every time. It is pleasing to see that this is now fitted to so many light cars.



Claude Harris

MR. WALTER PAYNE
The well-known chairman of the West End Theatrical Managers' Association, who has been responsible for the rebuilding of the New Empress Theatre, Brixton, which opened on Monday, October 19, as a Variety Theatre. It is built on the site of the old Empress Theatre, which was one of the most famous music-halls for forty years. Mrs. Walter Payne is one of the famous golfing family, and is herself a great exponent



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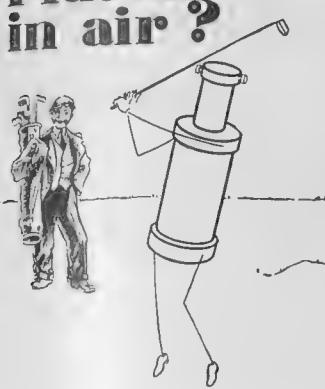
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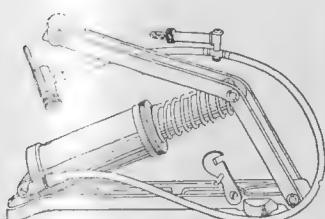
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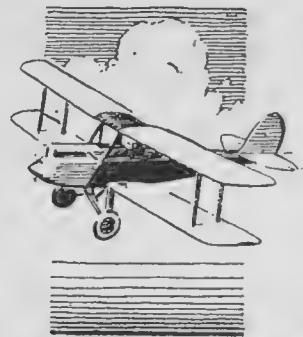
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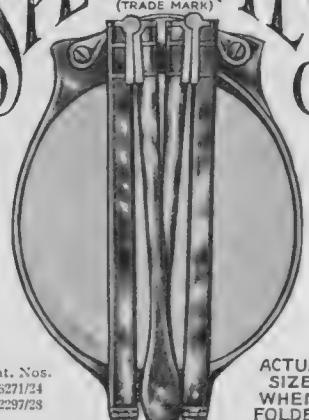
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THE DELIGHTFUL AND FASHIONABLE
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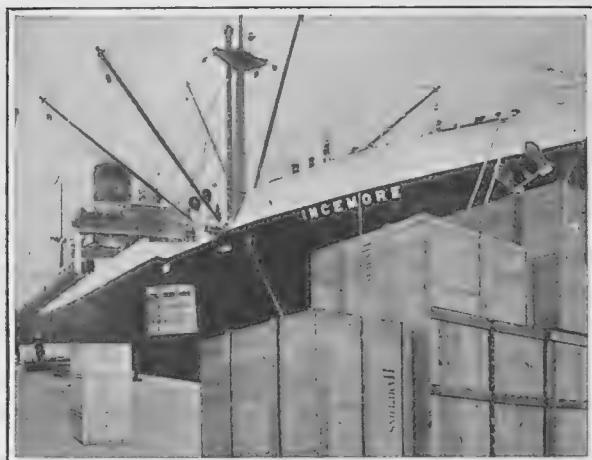


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MOTOR NOTES AND NEWS

Nearly twenty entries have already been received for the run for veteran cars from London to Brighton which the R.A.C. is organizing on November 15 next. These include a Léon Bollée, which was built thirty-five years ago; an 1897 Vipen, which lay buried at the foot of Hindhead for over twenty years. The owner and his wife drove it down from London, and during the journey it broke down forty times and so exasperated the owner that he finally hurled it over the Devil's Punch Bowl and there left it. There is also a steam car which was built in 1904 which runs at a working pressure of 600 lbs. per square inch. The run is limited to cars built in 1904 or earlier. It will start from Moon's Super

Service Garage, Buckingham Palace Road, on Sunday, November 15, the first car leaving at 9.0 a.m. The route will lie over Westminster Bridge and thence *via* Brixton, the Croydon bypass, Redhill, Reigate, Crawley, Bolney, to the Aquarium Garage, Brighton. All cars finishing before 4.0 p.m. will qualify for the R.A.C. special certificate, and the Mayor Elect of Brighton, Ald. T. J. Braybon, J.P., has consented to present them.



THE SS. "INCEMORE" IN THE SURREY COMMERCIAL DOCK

This ship was chartered expressly and exclusively to ship to Bermuda the whole of the furniture and furnishings for the Castle Harbour Hotel. The Bermuda Development Company entrusted to Hampton's the whole of the contract for the furnishing of this hotel. More than 95 per cent. of the goods are of British manufacture, and are being fitted at the hotel by a staff of men from Hampton's headquarters and London factories

News has been received by the R.A.C. from the Auckland A.A. that Mr. Norman (Wizard) Smith and his Australian party intend to leave Sydney for New Zealand with the Fred H. Stewart Enterprise, the car he has prepared for an attempt on the world's land speed record, November 23 next. The attempt is to be made on the sands at the Ninety Miles Beach, New Zealand. The car will in all

probability be housed in a special garage to be erected on the sands, and if the weather is favourable the attempt on the record will probably be made early in December.

MR. J. A. MOLLISON (left) AND AIR COMMODORE KINGSFORD SMITH

Photographed shortly after the latter's arrival in London. Miss Joan Batten, the famous New Zealand girl pilot, is at the wheel of the triumph "Scorpion," and Lady Chater is beside her

An important decision has been taken by the Ministry of Transport in the matter of road signs. Under Section 48 of the Road Traffic Act, only signs of a character prescribed by the Ministry can lawfully be erected, and the design, colour, etc., are prescribed by the Ministry in its Memorandum No. 291 (Roads). The Ministry has now also authorized what may be termed M.T./R.A.C. signs, which are signs conforming to the official design, but bearing the R.A.C. monogram. The importance of this step lies in the fact that it will enable the R.A.C. to continue to assist local authorities by supplying official signs.

OLYMPIA - STAND 130

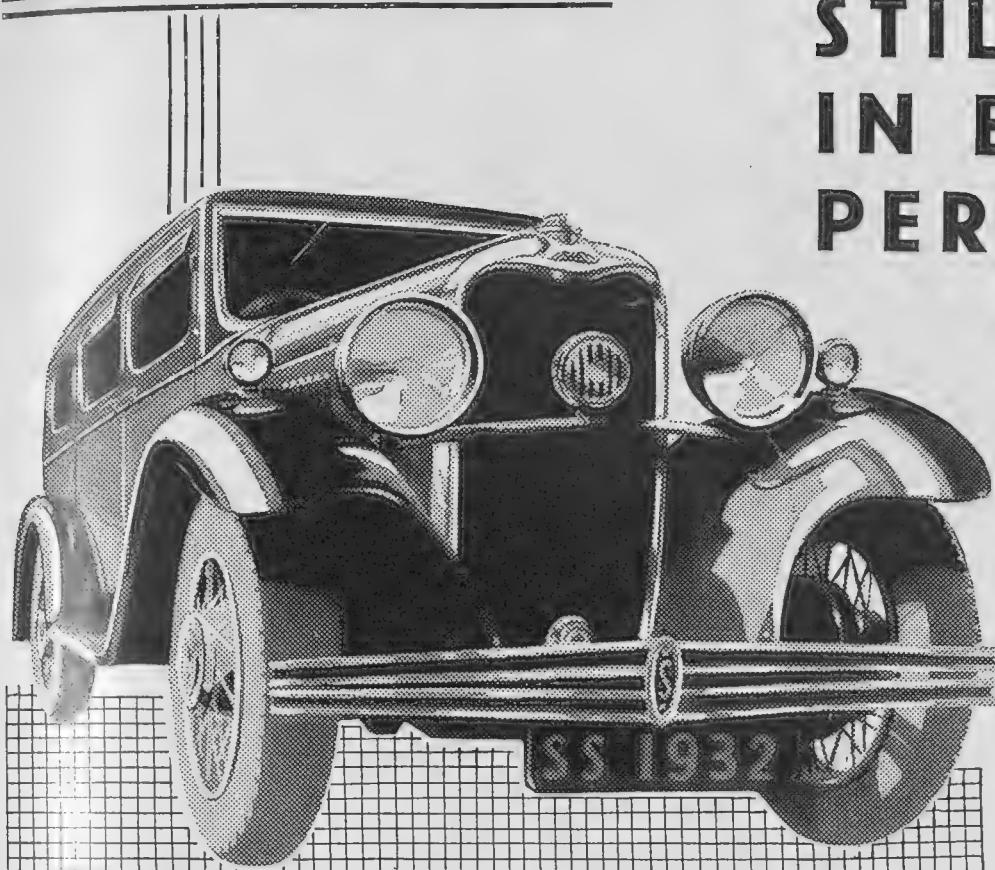


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Saloon models and prices: 12-h.p. from £260; 15-h.p. from £355; 20-h.p. from £525; 30-h.p. from £1,250. Ask nearest agent for a trial run, or write Armstrong Siddeley Motors Limited, Coventry, or 10, Old Bond Street, London, W.1.

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All 1932 Singers are improved . . . better, faster, but more economical engines . . . imposing new radiators . . . graceful body lines . . . "Hi-lo" 4-speed gearbox, with silent top and third . . . and, of course, rear petrol tank for safety.

All Saloons, even the Junior at £150, have 4 wide doors and sliding roof.

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Junior 2-seater	£130
" 4-seater	£140
" Saloon	£150
" 2-seater "Special" Sports	£150
" "Special" Saloon	£185
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" 4-seater	£180
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Eighteen-Six Saloon	£280
Silent Six Saloon	£330
" Kaye Don " Saloon	£480

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Write to-day for a catalogue. (Please state model.)

THE 1932

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Eve at Golf—continued from p. 128

instead of having never played together before. The pairing was, indeed, made in the office, but the Golf Editor of "Britannia and Eve" would like to state that she cannot undertake to provide every single entrant every time with a partner who will win any foursomes for her. The supply of winners is after all limited to two per tournament. But she will continue to do her best.

At Roehampton there was grand fighting, too, and defeat of favourites, notably of Mrs. and Miss Rowand Harker and Mrs. and Miss Parnail, the latter falling in the semi-final to Mrs. C. H. Parry and Miss D. M. Hardie. Mrs. Elliott Batt and Miss Dove won their semi-final from Mrs. Oldershaw and Mrs. Waldron Rose, and then lost the final to Mrs. Parry and Miss Hardie at the twentieth, after being dormy four.

As for Oxhey and the Great Britain v. France match, it was one radiant blaze, if not of sunshine, at least of happy golfers, resplendent heraldic brooches, new ties, Union Jacks, and Tricolours. Really it was a most delightful day, and never has a beating been taken in more charming fashion than by Madame Vagliano and her gallant five, who crossed the Channel, as they believed, to certain slaughter and yet fought gamely, so that by no means all the matches were foregone conclusions, and one, that between Madame Waddel and Miss Jean McCulloch, was actually halved.

There was one match which alone would have drawn the mighty crowd to Oxhey without anybody else—Miss Joyce Wethered v. Madame Lacoste, otherwise known and beloved as Mlle. Simone de la Chaume. Perhaps it could only have finished one way; you cannot recently add a potential golf and lawn tennis champion to the French nation and hope to play entirely faultless golf yourself, but Madame Lacoste showed she only needed a trifle more practice to be just as good as ever she was. And that is very good indeed. Miss Wethered was her usual magnificent self, and Miss Morgan, Miss Gourlay, Miss Fishwick, and Miss Corlett supported her well in the singles, just as Mrs. Garon who partnered her, Miss Morgan

and Miss Gourlay, Miss McCulloch and Mrs. Watson had done in the foursomes. As for the French side, Madame Lacoste, Madame Munier, Madame Vagliano, Madame Decugis, Madame Waddel, and Mlle. Petin, with Madame Monier in the foursomes, they all showed us how perfect their short game is, even if the greens puzzled them, as indeed they puzzled everybody except Mrs. Watson and Miss McCulloch.

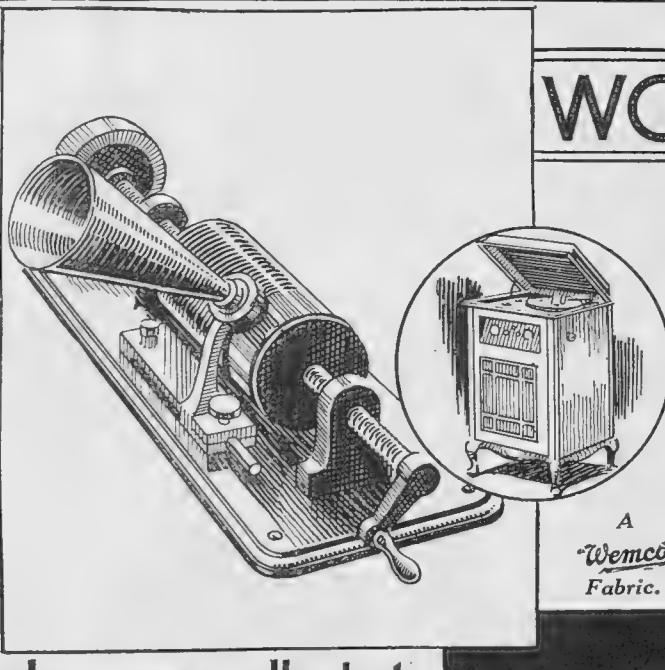
The crowd took the French team to their hearts. Even admiration for their entirely perfect turn-out—their exquisite plain clothes, and particularly their faultless hats—was no greater than admiration for their good sportsmanship. The Ladies' Golf Union entertained both teams to dinner at the Savoy that evening, and some of the victorious French tennis team from Queen's, including M. Borotra, put in an appearance in time to dance with them. Miss Huleatt was in her best speaking form, Madame Vagliano replied, and speeches were extracted from other unwilling but popular folk such as Madame Lacoste, so that altogether the dinner was a delightful ending to a delightful day.

As for Worplesdon's inimitable Mixed Foursomes, there was a rare rout of the great ones the first day: Mr. Wethered and Miss Diana Esmond, Miss Gourlay and Major Hezlet, the holders, Miss Wanda Morgan and Captain A. G. Pearson. But Miss Wethered, with a most trustworthy partner in the Hon. Michael Scott, survived at the moment of writing, and seem likely to go on doing so for ever and a day; Miss Fishwick and Mr. Tipple are still in, so are Colonel Hannay and Miss Corlett, Miss Doris Park and Mr. Stuart Forsyth, Miss Livingstone and Mr. Gow, Miss Lobbett and Mr. Straker, Mrs. Alec Gold and Mr. Noel Layton, Miss Plumpton and Mr. D. H. Kyle. So a good final seems not only possible but probable. What more can one ask of a still and sunny week in Surrey?



Vive la France! Madame Waddel and Madame Decugis, two members of the popular French team in the International battle at Oxhey. Madame Waddel halved her singles match with Miss Jean McCulloch

Amateur photographers who have really "sharp" snapshots of golfing subjects, particularly close-up photographs of prize-winners, are reminded that the Editor of "The Tatler" will always be glad to consider such and to pay usual rates for any that are accepted



WONDERS OF THE AGES

SOUND reproduction has advanced so swiftly that the value of Edison's pioneering work is apt to be overlooked. Standards have risen no less in regard to Shirts, Collars and Pyjamas. The utmost in ease, style and service, with a definite assurance against shrinkage, is identified by the name "Tricoline." Silken texture, lasting and varied colours, perfect fit and reasonable cost are embodied in these garments, sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores everywhere.

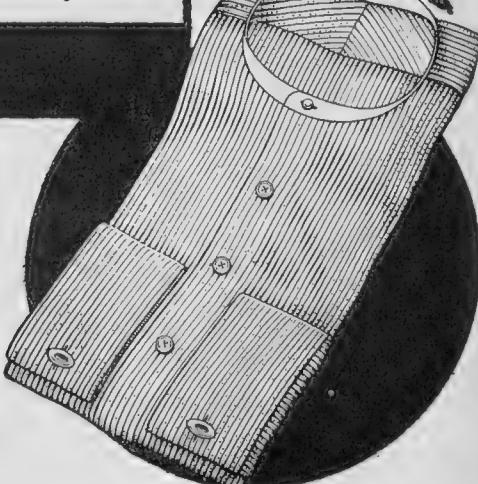


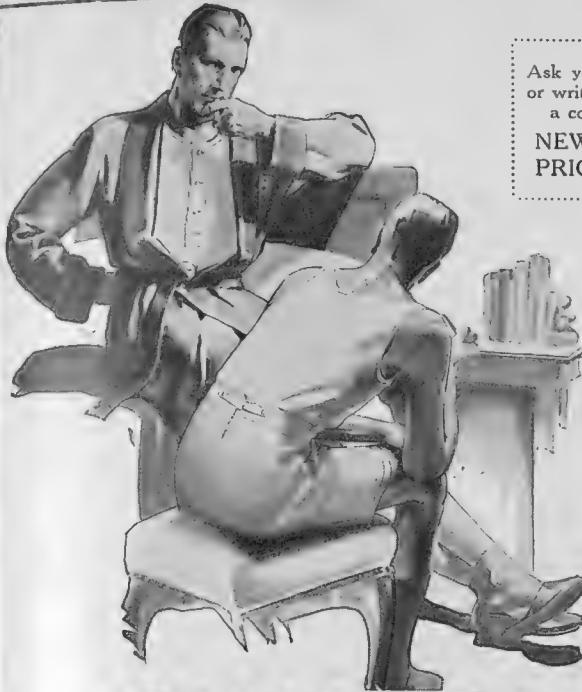
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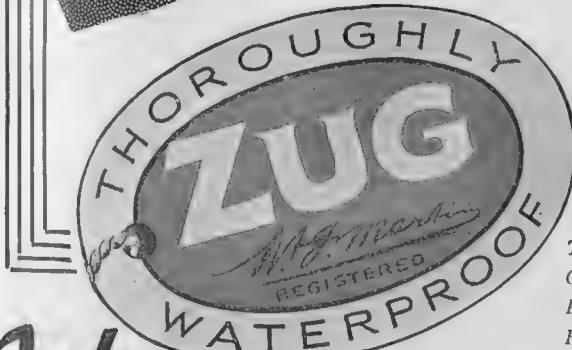
The Sphinx and the Chephren Pyramid, near Cairo.

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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, urgently appeal for £6 to keep a fire burning this winter for a gentlewoman aged eighty-one, who has spent more than fifty years of her life teaching in Russia. All her savings were lost or confiscated, and she has now only two small allowances, one from a friend and one from a beneficent society. In summer she just manages to get along, 10s. goes weekly in rent and only 10s. is left for everything else. This is very tight, however, and especially in winter after all the hardships of her life in Russia. The Friends of the Poor want to ensure her a little extra for this winter.

* * *

A series of Sunday night recitals have just commenced at Dorchester House, under the direction of Miss Olga Lynn, whose *Æolus* concerts have been and still are so successful. The concerts are taking place in the restaurant after dinner, and commence between 10 and 10.15. This effort is being made to fill what is doubtless a great gap in London on Sunday nights. Among the well-known artistes who have definitely been engaged are Dora Labette, Harold Dahlquist, Beatrice Harrison, Ethel Bartlett, the Kucher String Quartet, Margaret Elwes, the Philharmonic Trio, Gabrielle Joachim, René Le Roy, Marion Kirby and John B. Niles, and Maud Nelson.

* * *

His Majesty's Consul-General, Philadelphia, has reported to the Department of Overseas Trade that enlarged photographs issued by the Travel

Association of Great Britain and Ireland exhibited in steamship and tourist offices and stores in that city during the past twelve months have unquestionably served the purpose for which they were intended in attracting the attention of possible visitors to Great Britain, and retailers report that the display of these attractive and well-selected photographs stimulate the sale of British merchandise shown with them. At present these photographs are being shown in the windows of Messrs. John Wanamaker's Philadelphia store in conjunction with British merchandise, and are attracting a considerable amount of attention. They have been specially mounted for the purpose, and as the store is situated in the centre of the shopping district and caters for the best class of trade it is believed that they are assured of success here. These photographs, shown in groups of ten or a dozen at a time, are part of a series of 500 illustrating historic and beautiful places in Great Britain and Ireland now in process of exhibition in all parts of the world as a part of the general effort put forth by the Travel Association to bring more visitors to this country.



THE SAVOY HOTEL ORPHEANS

Perhaps the most brilliant dance orchestra ever brought to London. They are playing in the Savoy Restaurant each evening and at the Thés Dansants. They are under the leadership of Howard Jacobs, who is seen standing in front, and the band includes Carroll Gibbons (seen at piano), who will be remembered as the brilliant pianist in the old Orpheans. They will commence broadcasting on Friday, November 6, and every subsequent Friday evening

The "Good Counsel" Ball in aid of the Society of Our Lady of Good Counsel (to give free legal aid to the poor) is being held at Dorchester House Hotel on Friday, November 6. There will be dancing from 10 to 3, music being provided by Pilbeam and his Band. Tickets (including buffet and supper) 25s.

The Stephenson Daub Club Jubilee Exhibition will be held at the Alpine Club Gallery, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W., on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of this month. This club, which was started with twenty-five members fifty years ago, now boasts a membership of over 200.

MENNEN WEEKLY NEWS



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"Marvellous how a clean shave makes you happy!"



"A Mennen shave would cheer those fellows up too!"

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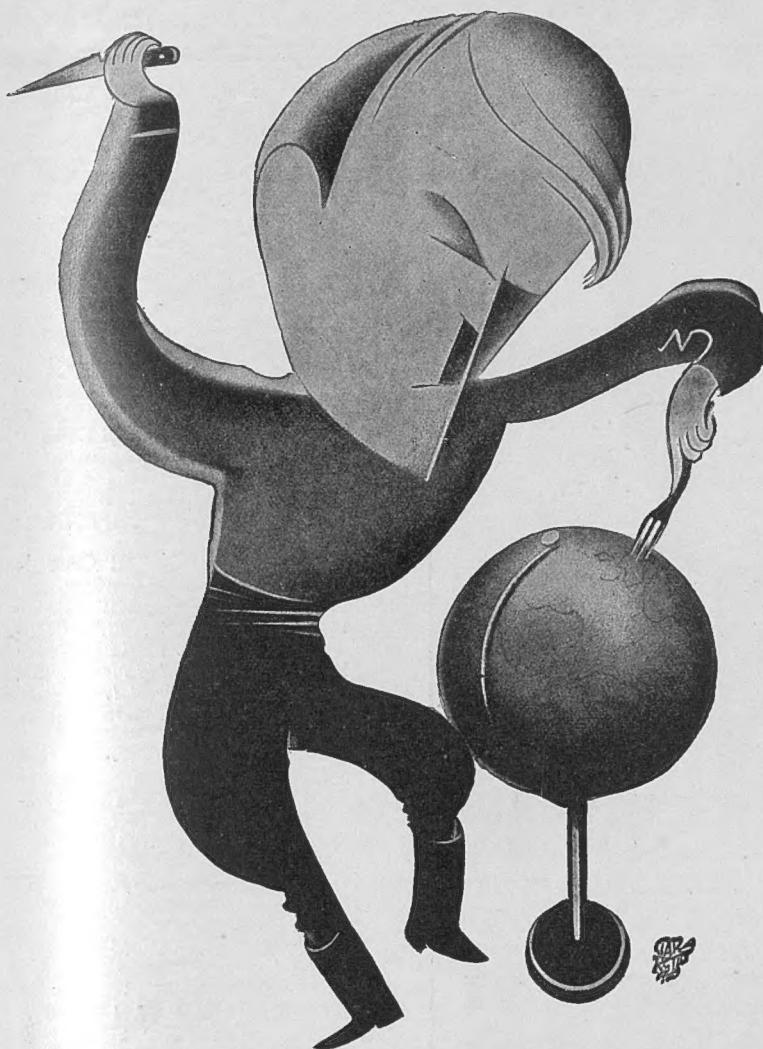
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STILL MOST MODERN OF ALL

"Adelaide Island has the glassy sparkle, the fairylike insubstantiality, that mark with a beauty all their own certain islands near the Line. There is no mystery about it."

Read more this Winter—*It is profitable and economical*

The overhead, intensely vivid, sun wipes out all shadow, raising every light to highest power. Light of varnished leaves that flash beneath the fingers of the wind; blank fiery stare of sands; innumerable sparkling laughter of the sea—all these the sun, marching across the zenith, melts into one sole multicoloured blaze that seems to hang afloat, incredible, in the heliotrope-coloured sky. Yet, dreamlike as it appears, it is all as solid as Sydney Circular Quay, and if you live there long, you may come to loathe the barren loveliness of it, and wish yourself back on that same Circular Quay, with the ferry boats of Sydney chunking up to the wharves, and the Harbour Bridge rainbowing across a wintry sky. Or you may come to love it with a fatal love that eats you up, takes from you, one by one, ambition, friends, fortune, marriage, home; that drugs you, instead, with sun, and makes you drunk with beauty; gives you freedom that is too free, and love that burns like fire, but lasts no longer. You may find yourself, on Adelaide and her thousand sister islands, asking yourself throughout a lifetime the Celtic peasant's question, "Can a man be more than happy?" and finding no answer—until too late." . . . You'll allow nothing to interrupt you when you read this story of the man who found the answer amid the glitter of gold. "The Golden Virgin" by Beatrice Grimshaw.



"In November of 1817 the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Coburg wrote in her diary: 'The courier has arrived . . . Charlotte is dead! Good God! . . . No mortal can understand why this beautiful flower should fade at the morning of her life and drop off without fruit, with which she would have blessed her country.'

The Princess Charlotte's death robbed the English Crown of its heiress, but it also opened up the way to the Victorian succession and to a love story as tender as any in a graceful century.

A little time after Princess Charlotte's death the Duke of Kent crossed Europe to marry Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg. Less than a year after this the Duke and the Duchess crossed Europe again, the Duke himself on the box of the carriage, so that they might be in England when their baby was born. The baby was to be Queen Victoria. Once on the slopes of Gibraltar, a gipsy had told the Duke that his daughter would be a great Queen, and it was not conceivable to him that she should be born in any country but England.



I never saw a man go down a gangway so quickly. "THREE BAGS OF OPIUM" is a fast moving story in the October issue.

"GOOD MEN DON'T UNDERSTAND WOMEN..."
by Christine Jope-Slade

"THREE BAGS OF OPIUM"
by Edgar Jepson and Patrick Bates

"SHOOT THOSE CROONING TENORS" by Hannen Swaffer

"THE GOLDEN VIRGIN"

by Beatrice Grimshaw

"QUEEN VICTORIA'S LOVE STORY" by Hector Bolitho

"ROCKETING TO THE STARS"

by Lady Drummond-Hay

"THE WORLD'S MOST DIFFICULT FAMILY" by Ferdinand Töwy

"BEING A FAMOUS NOVELIST ISN'T ALL BEER & SKITTLES" by Gilbert Frankau

"TWENTY-FOUR HOURS: DAYS THAT HAVE MADE HISTORY: THE CAPTAIN OF KÖPENICK" by Gordon Beckles

"THE QUEST OF THE CAR IN 1932" by The Earl of Cardigan

"TRAGEDIES AND COMEDIES OF HISTORY: THE ASSASSINATION OF PAUL THE FIRST OF RUSSIA" described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.

"CAN'T WE BE FRIENDS?"

by Theodora Benson

"TRUTH IS MORE EXCITING THAN FICTION" by Sydney Tremaine

"ROOMS THAT ARE TWO-IN-ONE" by Winifred Lewis

"THE GLASGOW SMASHER"

by Guy Gilpatric

BOOKS, reviewed by Arnold Palmer

"AUTUMN—WINTER, 1931" by Madge Garland

"THE NURSELESS HOME" by Carol Avis

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"THE END OF THE WASHING-UP PROBLEM" by Len Chaloner

"EXERCISE AND SCIENTIFIC SLEEPING" by Leonard Henslowe

"THE OMNIBUS HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT" by "Chrys"'

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Sixteen years passed before Prince Albert came to England, to meet his future bride . . .

In "Queen Victoria's Love Story" by Hector Bolitho.

Some of the letters quoted in this article are from the Archives of Coburg and have never before been published in England.

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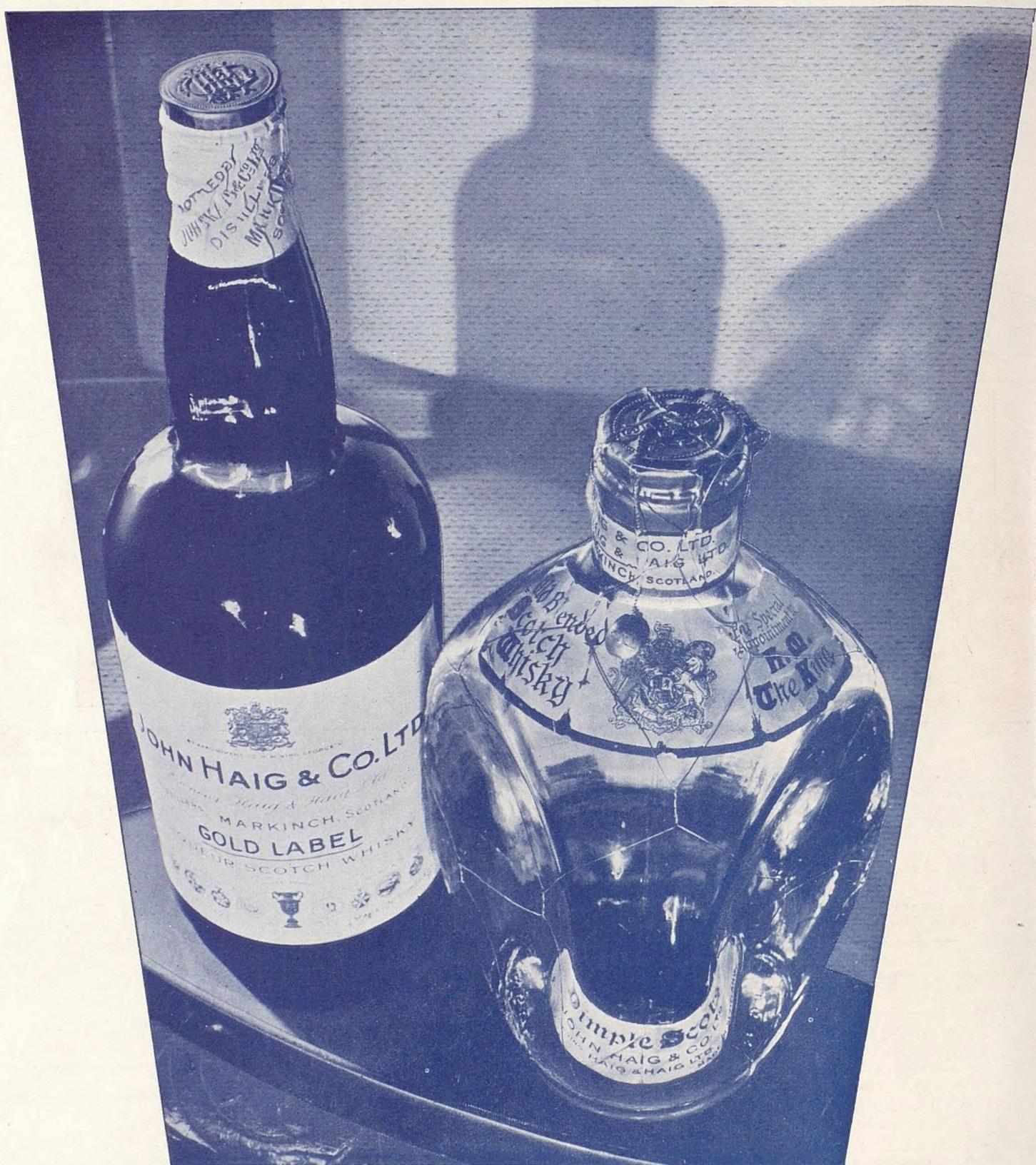
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